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EX BARBARIA

FIRST EDITION:

*One hundred copies printed,
and type melted.*

EX
BARBARIA

PEGRAM DARGAN

*"Thou art bought and sold, among those
of any wit, like a Barbarian slave."*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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A Wanderer's Log

ON CROSSING THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

"Five hundred cubits above kingdoms and duchies!"

—MONTAIGNE.

WHAT is the paltry rest of all the world
I've gazed at, of this or that particular
That men applaud as the sole habitation?
Nothing! like the spirits that sustain them;
Pomposity, clouds of estimation only;
The only homes are the uninhabitable!
Such as astonished we do here survey.
What is the bed of Warwick? Harry's sword?
The plumage of Navarre? the sparkling heap
Of all creation's crowns together piled?—
He, would rule less than these, is less indeed:
Empire is fever, here by frost we're freed.

EX BARBARIA

WINTER WIT IN THE NORTH-WEST

Instructions from "H. B."

Nail them up on a log,
In your hat also pin:—
Our creed is "more grog"!
When the others talk "sin";
Draw yourself, when you bog,
"Draw on" "us when you win;
Don't croak—there's a frog.
Don't get stuck, or you're in;
Flesh hunts the other dog.
We're hunting—to skin!

*(Additions below by an agent made,
Who thinks he can't be overpaid.)*

Keep a squaw you can flog,
One that's fat to begin,
Else she'll eat like a hog,
And you're like to grow thin;
All day she will jog,
And all night she will spin—
Out a thread without clog,
And of course without din:
And the rest we can prog—
Nosticate, who have been
In the north, in a fog,
For the "H. B." for skin!

A WANDERER'S LOG

*(These additions Dick scratches 'em,
To add more when Tom matches 'em.)*

I think you're both—*oged* it,
And—*ined* it enough;
The "H. B." first dogged it,
And you've hogged in more stuff.

*(This addition, says Tom, is
Made without further promise.)*

Tom's wit—if 'tis wit,
Is not just so to Dick;
So Dick thinks it but fit
To make Tom still more sick.

When your squaw you have found,
On your friend keep and eye,
For, in jogging around,
They've been known to jog high.

Tom returns to inquire,
Did she never jog higher?

Dick replies with a smile,
Yes, just once in a while.
Tom asks, how he knows:
Dick replies, by his nose.

Tom says it's too late
To continue this more.
Dick owns that his pate
Is, indeed, getting sore.

EX BARBARIA

T. Then let's quit it, pray do.
D. Or our squaws will quit too!
T. And without 'em we'd freeze.
D. So we'll quit, if you please.
T. So good-night!
D. — Each and all.

THOMAS WRIGHT—DICKSON BALL.

AT MEDICINE HAT

I'm taking mine off: is it caution or honor?
But all stand bare-headed here, later or sooner.

“PERFECTION”

O rather a life on the prairie wide,
Or the sultry southern sands,
With my peasant-born, big-ankled bride,
That could throttle a fop with her hands;

Yes, better the scorching southern waste,
Or the freezing northern wild,
Than to live with a fool of “perfect taste,”
And father “a perfect child”!

No, mine with the whelp of the wolf shall roll,
While his black-locked mother smiles;
And we'll not ask if he has a soul,
But measure him by his miles!

Aye, give me a life on the prairie wide,
Or the singing desert sands,
Than to sit on a throne and the world divide,
With “perfection” on my hands!

A WANDERER'S LOG

A BREATH FROM THE PLAINS

This is the breath that fed the giant age,
When Hercules and Pelop's son did rage;
Diana, sniffing such an air as this,
Descended from the sky to hunt or kiss;
Here might we view young Ceres, like a Ruth,
Taking a toll of wheaten ears; yet, sooth,
Did I behold her now in yonder field,
I could not more devotion feel or yield,
Than I bestow on yon lone peasant maid:—
Old Solomon's "lily" never so arrayed,
Or Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper"; she
Had something lacked of "difference" to me;
Tho', faith, no "Lucy" this, or "violet",
But a ripe bronze Canadian grizette!
Can sweat all day and at night make you sweat.

As good an armfull as Jean gave her Bobby,
And beats all *Wellesley*, where health is a hobby;
In short, so healthy, fears the world will learn
How well she is, and up its nose should turn.

Bah! dainty Dians, step aside a bit,
And let her in the picture—she is fit.

EX BARBARIA

TO A FRENCH GIRL

(La Fontaine Park, Montreal)

*Thy Gallic mein, thine eye of fire,
The music of thy tongue awakes
A broken heart, a stringless lyre—
Accept it as the drop yon lakes!*

By yon dim and hoary mountains,
By the other worlds together,
Gleaming lakes and flashing fountains!
*Rose and maple, shamrock, heather,
All must bow their heads to thee—
Girl that wears the fleur-de-lis!*

By thy Gallic mien and motion,
By thine eyes of more than fire,
By that breast less still than ocean,
Ever lower, ever higher,
As its heart it would set free—
Girl that wears the fleur-de-lis!

All that misers ever hoarded,
All that poets have when dreaming,—
Spanish castles, galleons boarded,
Turrets tipped and hatches teeming,—
Were not worth one smile from thee,—
Girl that wears the fleur-de-lis!

Had I such, by Heaven that's o'er me,
(Smile no more, but hear my story!)
With eternity before me,
Or for pleasure or for glory.
I would choose one hour with thee,—
Girl that wears the fleur-de-lis!

A WANDERER'S LOG

A REVERY IN THE KITCHEN OF THE CHATEAU DE RAMESAY

(Montreal)

Here to-day, in an old *chateau*—

Ha! Chateau de Ramesay!

I'm dreaming of things of long ago,

In the Chateau de Ramesay!

Of the butler, the cook and the baker, too,

Of the Chateau de Ramesay!

Now some are for things they might not view

In a Chateau de Ramesay;

But the butler, the baker, and the cook, I know,

Of the Chateau de Ramesay!

Had never such done and would never so do,

In the Chateau de Ramesay!

So I, who have known the butler and cook

Of the Chateau de Ramesay!

And know how the baker who baked did look

In the Chateau de Ramesay!

Conclude, and who shall not me obey,

In *my* Chateau de Ramesay?

That the pie, that was pie in the days gone by,

In the Chateau de Ramesay!

Shall be pie for me, and pie to-day!

And I'll have it so and no other way—

I'll have my pie as I please, I say,

In *my* Chateau de Ramesay!

EX BARBARIA

ON A PAIR OF SLIPPERS IN THE CHATEAU DE RAMESAY

A revel in La Nouvelle France!
And this is the end of the dance:
For the shoes
A case of glass;
And for the feet, alas!
We know not even whose!

IN COMPLIMENT TO THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL, QUEBEC

(After Sidney Smith)

Fortune, do thy worst with me!
I have had enough to-day:
I have "dined," and so I say,
Fortune, do thy worst with me!

Fortune, do thy best for me!
Still the difference is but small:
When we've dined we've had it all—
Worst nor best can now move me.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

Cursed be the creed!
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"
Tho' thus the poet sings, the hero deigns to read:
To heights like these, instead,
They sometimes lead the brave,
Who dare, indeed,
Like Wolfe to die, or like Montcalm to bleed—
The craven living are the only dead!

A WANDERER'S LOG

ON THE MONUMENT TO MONTCALM

The hero reels ! but lo ! before he falls,
Fame drops the laurel on that deathless brow !—
What glory did how well here Art recalls,
That with a load of real grief we bow.
Henceforth, who falls for thee, O France, should kiss his dart,
While, queen of glory, thou art queen of art !

ON THE JOINT MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM

(Quebec)

Two worlds, to praise these names, as one unite ;
A third will find, and leave them, still as bright :
Twin suns of glory's heaven, they will shine
When salt is fresh again and fresh is brine !
Aye, when these Heights are cobbled and these walls
Are dust, the voyager, to his mate that calls
To beach his skiff where stands this monument,
As landward his inquiring eye is sent,
Will cry, " 'Twas hereabouts that fell the great Montcalm !
And yonder, where yon white sails sweeps along,
The haughty Heights of Father Abraham
Should rise : so goes to-day our seamen's song."
And such, perchance, he sings, while glimmers still
Some unextinguished star o'er lone Laurentian hill !

Then will his fellow turn and add : "They say
Another fell, too, on the self-same day" ;
And, while his oar is dripping, will he sing
The fame of Wolfe ; and to the circled ring
Of sea-dogs will they prate full late, till bowed
Is every head, and all is stillness, save
The reiterated surging of the wave
On some new sea-marge, beating high and loud !

EX BARBARIA

ON A NOVA SCOTIA LAKE

As when a dew-drop gathers to a sphere,
How useless seems all else that is not here:
Here is enough, all else but mere excess;
Thou art its Venus, and the world thy dress.

ON NIAGARA

Hush! not a word: this is no place for speech,
Stretch eyes and ears, and let the wonder teach
Immensity! Hexameters are vain,
And Homer but the pattering of the rain,
Upon the roof that shuts a scholar in,
Where cataclysmic seems the falling of a pin.—
I ask more ears, not tongues, more eyes to see,
More sense to feel this passing majesty!

TO A STRANGER AT "SHADY HILL"

Tread softly here! this is unusual dust:
Here Norton trod!—sufficient this, I trust,
To waken noble gushings! Where he trod
Is second only to the sacred sod
That holds him; alas! that it should so,
That such as he should now be lying low!
To know him was an education, yes, an art;
Who had as he so keen an eye, so kind a heart?
So much of knowledge, and so much of charm?
All marble true and yet as woman warm;
A hand for merit, peasantry or earls,
A Greek, tho' living by barbaric Charles!

A WANDERER'S LOG

ON VIEWING A CYPRESS FOREST

(Marion County, South Carolina)

As had all Birnam wood, in fact, marched down,
Not boughs alone, on high Dunsinane Castle,
To instance Heaven and appal firm Glamis,
Blood-letting Cawdor, infamous Macbeth,
Even as the wretch had marveled, so do I now,
To view yon forest looming 'gainst the sky:
An Iliad in trees, hexameters visible!
Or, else, that surge that did kiss Heaven's face,
And took the Ark up to companion clouds!
Not Flora, since I left thy western firs,
Huge Oregonian, where thy throne is set
Mid Atlases that shoulder up the skies,
Have I beheld such majesty in forms
That call thee mistress!—Famed Dodona's oaks
How small, compared with these! and Vallambrosa's shades
That "high o'er arched"! How many "ammirals"
Might here find masts "Norweyan"! How many spears,
Not "wands," proportioned unto forms "Atlantean"!

Ah! would they were all spears, or spear-like were!
(As spear-like thick, in fact, they loom, as when,
With Greece and Asia justling for the world,
Xerxes marched in to throng the Hellespont!

Aye, would they were so barbed, so threatening;
That they might even now, pike like, thrust off
Those hands, barbaric, would despoil these shades,
For paltry uses of the putrid mart!
Goth-like assiduous to destroy Art,
And unwrite Nature's high chirography!

Him, ye fierce lightnings. Jove's artillery, singe!
Play round their bases, when he enters here,
And blast him center-wards, who comes for less than prayer!

E X B A R B A R I A

TO A LADY : ON THE MAGNOLIA

I imbibe from a goblet dew-laden,
 No hand of a mortal hath made ;
While the liquor reminds one of Eden,
 And the cost is as nothing or paid.

The cup that old Vulcan did finish,
 Could not with this present compare,
Whose glory there's naught can diminish,
 Ever blooming, while his is now where ?

To the lips that are like it I lift it ;
 And my toast shall be this to the fair :
That, when May to December has shifted,
 May love like the green be found there !

As the green that upholds the magnolia,
 May affection continue his grasp ;
And, when finished, and shut is the folio,
 May his fingers repose on the clasp !

A LOUISIANA NOCTURNE

Now the dew is on the flower,
 And the Moon is on the lake,
 Bonny Bird !

And it's time to sieze the hour,
 And 'twere well it's sweets to take,
 Bonny Bird !

A WANDERER'S LOG

For it ne'er may come again,
Or to-day or yet to-morrow,
Bonny Bird!

But delight will turn to pain,
And all pleasures turn to sorrow,
Bonny Bird!

Then, while still the time is ours,
Let us gather fruits and flowers,
Bonny Bird!

For a storm above them lowers,
Over lake and over bowers,
Bonny Bird!

CREOLE SONG

"Zolie femme"! 'tis to thee
All my heart I give away;
Take it, thou, and set me free:
This, and this alone, I pray—
"Chambo moin, femme zolie"!

"Zolie femme"! maid divine,
Hear the prayer I now am making:
Take my heart, and give me thine!—
Never truer one was breaking!—
"Zolie femme, chambo moin"!

"Zollie femme"! ne'er forget
How the song goes—(who could mend it?)
Can you, can you, heartless, let
Break a heart for you intended?—
Now, and always, "dans collet"!

E X B A R B A R I A

TO LAFCADIO HEARNE

(New Orleans: Mardi Gras, 1913)

I tread the streets were trod by you,
Lafcadio Hearne!
I scan the skies once scanned by you;
I heave the sigh once heaved by you,
For things antique,
Thou mongrel Greek!
And, once a-week,
I enter in
To realms of sin;
As didst of old thou, too,
Lafcadio Hearne!

I dream of Spaniards to the south,
Lafcadio Hearne!
I see the rose red at her mouth,
Some rustic, but romantic, Ruth,
That sighs for love:
She'd die to prove
Herself above
The common crowd—
The creed avowed
By you and me, once in our youth,
Lafcadio Hearne!

Our Tuesday's "fat" as those you saw,
Lafcadio Hearne!
The mules the pageant wagons draw.
Just as they did; and Rex's law

A W A N D E R E R ' S L O G

Is all that's urged;
The mad crowd surged,
Last night, and splurged,
 Just as it used,
 When you, enthused,
Beheld it betwixt mirth and awe,
Lafcadio Hearne!

There'll be jinks, too, cut up to-night,
 Lafcadio Hearne!
Some shut their windows 'gainst the sight,
And others will not light a light,
 But hug their woes
 In gloom:—who knows
 Who folly shows?—
 'Gainst a dark lot—
 How dark, God wot!—
You swung a torch—and it was bright,
 Lafcadio Hearne!

Thy flowers Japanese are fair,
 Lafcadio Hearne!
And yield their sweets to-day as rare,
As when your English made them dear;
 But thou, the while,
 Art where no smile
 Of Phoebus, gilds thine isle,
 Can touch again!—
 And so I drain
This cup to thee, and wish thee here—
 Lafcadio Hearne!

EX BARBARIA

ON A RAMOS GIN FIZZ

Come, fill it in a golden cup,
And to her only lift it,
Who never yet would yield her up,
Until she'd sipped or sniffed it!

Aye, fill it in a cup of gold,
And to such rare one drink it;
For half its worth can not be told—
Like woman's kiss I think it!

Yes, other drinks there are, but this
Alone reminds us of it,
That first, and only perfect, kiss—
Then kiss the brim above it!

True, Heaven may have its nectar, still
That Heaven may be a dream;
Then to some Heavenly creature fill
What seems from Heaven to stream!

Then fill it in a cup all bright,
And in bright jewels fling them;
For, were its worth but known aright,
The whole round world—'twould bring them!

THE PRIDE OF THE PRAIRIES

She told me the truth where they lied me,
Stood game when the others all ran,
Gave her all, where they smiling denied me—
Beat a cow-punching girl, if you can!

A WANDERER'S LOG

She sold her ear-danglers and fed me,
The last drop, poured it out of her can;
Sore-footed, she carried, blind led me—
Beat a cow-punching "split," if you can!

Did you mark her when whirling at "Tony's"?
Cutting "S'es" and the like at Chienne,
Slap-dashing it round 'mongst the ponies?—
With her work she employs that plan.

For some weeks we were treading the clover,
When the Sky-High had panned out his pan,—
Out East, you know, looking 'em over—
Bluff a cow-punching lad, if you can!

High-headers! but they found I was running,
Somewheres, if not quite in the van;
'Till "all in" and flap down, and no funning,
Like a sheep-herder's hat in the rain.

"Jack, it's cheap—whatever the price is:
Cut it out and come clean like a man!"—
And I guess she's about branded the vices—
Beat a cow-punching "Jane," if you can!

What's that? not a bit, on your life, sir!—
I belong to the water-hole clan;—
Not exactly,—but then it's my wife, sir—
Beat a cow-punching "rib," if you can!

That's it; and he's just like his mother—
Little angel in buckskin and tan!
And we're sometime—expecting—his—brother—
Beat a cow-punching girl, if you can!

EX BARBARIA

THE GRAVE OF A FORTY-NINER

(Mariposa County, California)

There's a *lone* grave by a *lone* track,
By a *lonely* river's bed,
Where a forty-niner made his stop,
To linger with the dead;

And his rusty pan has drifted
Long ago to bottom lands,
And the Horn winds have their way to-day
With hopes that filled his hands;

For the rough rocks hold their quarry,
And the cold snows cover thick;
And the Judgment Day will find him
Reaching out for scoop and pick:

In a *lone* grave, by a *lone* trail,
By a *lonely* river's bed:—
There a *forty-niner* miner waits
To "cash in" with the dead.

A WANDERER'S LOG

EX CORD' URBIS

(A Hymn for San Diego)

Lord God on high, before whose throne
Archangels in the Heavens bow,
With them Thy sovereignty we own,
And ask Thy mercy on us now!

Thine ear, Creator, lend our hymn,
Of thanks for all that Thou hast given,
Of hope that Thou wilt nothing dim
Thy smile upon us, Lord of Heaven!

Spare us that chastening of Thy rod,
We know but as it elsewhere fell;
Protect us, lead us, build us, God,
Even to the fashion suits Thee well!

The hurricane and earthquake's tread,
Before which earthly monarchs shrink,
The manéd Ocean, left his bed,
To ravage shores, or else to sink,

From such deliver, Lord; and war,
When the sown ridges run to steel:
Our banners be Thy palms, which are
The righteous man's, doth 'fore Thee kneel!

High pride we have, O Lord, but let
It subject be still to Thy will;
Our feet as one are forward set
To win:—Oh! guide them, Father, still!

EX BARBARIA

Call to our Silver Gate, call in
The high-topped ships from off the main;
The wanderer here his rest to win,
The sailor here to slip his chain.

Call back to health the sick, the old
To youth, the young to fame, the mad
To sunny bowers from bare peaks cold,
From colder hearts call here the sad;

Call in, as friends, the strange of earth,
Send forth, as children, all that come!
Nor skin nor creed declare his worth
Who calls the *Double Crescents* home!

Call to our lamps a clearer star
From out Thy skies, Thou Light of all!
Call to the few true hearts there are
Legions to lift us, wall on wall!

Till thicker, thicker, like the birds
That fly the freezing northern gales,
Hands throng to turn to stones our words,
And all our hopes turn sails!

Great Architect, supreme, divine!
Before whom here we lowly bend,
Thine eye, O Lord, direct the line,
Thy hand, O Lord, the plummet send!

Ah! vainly, Lord, they think to rear,
Unless Thine arm support the load:
Oh! hear us, save us, build us here—
A city worthy of our God!

A WANDERER'S LOG

TO * * * * *

Were all the way to Bandon
But all the way to thee,
How soon I'd be at Bandon,
At Bandon by the sea!

If all the ways to Bandon
Were all the waves can be,
I'd swim the seas to Bandon,
To be again with thee!

But farther than is Bandon
Is thy heart now from mine;
And, though I fared to Bandon,
To Bandon by the brine,

I'd find no heart at Bandon,
But the ruined heart in me—
Like the tree-strewn shore at Bandon,
By the hungry, heartless sea!

Yet, though death be all at Bandon,
And bright eyes beam on me,
I'll leave the world for Bandon,
And die with loving thee!

ON THE ISTHMUS

Here God and Goethals are in competition,
But Goethals wins, by help of his physician:
God makes an isthmus and Goethals unmakes it;
But Gorgas rolls the pill, and Goethals takes it.

EX BARBARIA

CARTAGENA

(On the "Spanish Main")

Fair red-and-white city, by the blue ocean billow,
Where Wealth welcomed Glory and Love was his slave;
And Beauty, devoted, from a fleecy cloud pillow,
Smiles down from the skies on her home in the wave!

Here a dreamer might dream and a poet might sing,
Like a bird or a bark stretch a sail or a wing,
And drift on and dream on and sing on at will,
As I have done, love thee, blue wave and green hill!

Afar, where the cold Northern wave is now breaking,
Love shivers and sighs for a harbor like this;
Love freezes and sneezes, with all his bones aching,
And gives us *la grippe* when he gives us a kiss!

Were fond mortals but wiser, they surely would fly,
Like the birds, from the snow-flakes, that never fly here;
But I'm glad that no bird proves him wiser than I,
So I sing like a bird; and the burden I bear

*Is, the pine is a fair tree, and frost a fair thing,
But the palm it is my tree, and here I'm a king!*

AT THE HACIENDA DE SAN PEDRO ALEJANDRINO

(Near Santa Marta, S. A.)

Here differing spirits differing tributes bear:
Some Bolivar's worth, and some their own declare;
Some leave their cards, some leave their hearts alone,
Nature a tree lifts up, and Art a stone.

A WANDERER'S LOG

TO * * * * *

(Lines Written in the Yucatan Channel)

The waves are dancing o'er the dark blue sea,
The clouds are pasturing on the pale blue sky,
And 'twixt the two I'm drifting on to thee,
The all on earth can make me thrill or sigh!

Mary! thy name is, when I speak it thus,
A rarer music than the wild waves make;
Mary! the "great deep" 's but a path 'twixt us,
And as a lover I that path-way take!

Nearer, and nearer, do I draw me home,
To claim the kiss full long delayed—too long!—
Many the wanderers on such path-ways come,
How few to find Love waiting 'mid the throng!

Even as the mighty Ocean, even as he,
Would throw his liquid arms about the Moon,
Even so my heart aches, reaches out for thee.
My Moon of women!—may I find thee soon!

Ah, soon!—meantime my spirit has forerun
My feet, and in thine ear, even now, it breathes,
The passion of a heart too much thine own,
That seetheth as the Ocean round me seethes!

The American Laureate: Or, The Mocking Bird

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE: OR, THE MOCKING BIRD

I WOULDN'T be a red-wood,
I wouldn't be a whale,
I wouldn't be King Edward—
I'd rather be in jail!

I wouldn't own the ocean,
I wouldn't have the earth;
I have no sort of notion
Of claiming Heaven on worth.

I wouldn't be a Shakespeare,
I wouldn't be the Pope—
I'd rather be Death's picture
Suspended in a rope!

I only want 'o be, I do.
A bird upon a bough,
And sing, as merrily, a few
Wild notes as he does now.

I only want 'o stretch my wings
Awhile, and sound my note.
As yonder little fellow sings
Without a pensioned throat!

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE

WHEN FELIX GOES A-WOOING

Says Mrs. Japan to herself,
 *"These Yankees aren't polite at all:
I'm going to set Sam on the shelf,
 He don't treat me half right at all.*

*I'll try the Señor of the South,
 He's to my color nearer, too;
And, if the wise boys tell the truth,
 Our cousin should be dearer too."*

Don Felix got this pretty straight;
 Says he, *"This is no fooling now:
The slant-eyed girl is at the gate,
 And must not suffer cooling now."*

So Felix shakes his bridle reins,
 And hies him to the sea-shore, O!
And all the seas he counts small pains
 For one cup on the tea-shore, O!

There down before his lady's feet,
 He'll throw his broad sombrero, O!
And that the lady'll think, "How sweet"!
 Doubts none who knows the hero, O!

So, Samuel, see what you have lost,
 By playing the *magnifico*:
A cup of tea, at least it's cost,
 And, maybe, a *Pacific*, O!

EX BARBARIA

WHEN DANDELION SAILS AROUND

When Dandelion sails around,
 (And Dandy's sweetheart with him too!)
The bugles then they all should sound
 With *Yankee-doodle-doodle-doo!*

Dandelion's come to town,
Dandelion's come to town,
Dandelion's come to town,
And Dandy's sweetheart's with him too!

Stick a feather in your crown,
Stick a feather in your crown,
Stick a feather in your crown,
For Dandy's sweetheart's with him too!

When Dandelion smiles no more,
 (And Dandy's sweetheart's sullen too!)
You then will hear the cannons roar
 With something more than *Doodle-doo!*

Lord! but how the fur will fly;
Lord! but how I hear 'em cry!
"Give us room to win or die!"
(And Dandy's sweetheart sullen too!)

Sound the bugle, ring the bell,
 Hear 'em coming, hear 'em yell!
"Give 'em boys, *merry Hell*,
 Till Dandy's girl grows merry too!"—

Dandy's here and brought his queen,
Bowing, smiling, both sixteen!
Then strike up, that it be seen
That we are glad, and very too!

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE

THE THING POLITE

We've grown so *very* polite, you know,
With the other fellow on our toe
We'd pardon beg, and so and so—
We've grown so *very polite*, you know!

We've grown so *all-fired* polite, you know,
The Philippines they all may go;
For the old Canal who'd strike a blow?
T'would be *too impolite*, you know.

We've grown so *damned* polite, you know,
We have no business here below;
But all should cut for Heaven, or to—
T'would be *the thing polite*, you know.

THE COLONEL'S OPTIMISM

It's a *bully* age to be living in,
And I'm mighty glad I'm here;
It's no time this to be giving in
To visions of despair.

Some people tell you, "Hell's to pay"—
"O, go to Hell!" is all I say.

It's a *bully* age, a *corker* this:—
Go look at my Canal!
The Japs may frown, John Bull may hiss,
The Germans may cabal;
But I guess the water that goes through
Will sound like "*Yankee-Doodle-Do!*"

EX BARBARIA

A TOAST TO THE NATION

Here's to the nigger, whose skin's an inch thick,
And here's to Poor Lo, that's as red as a brick;
And here's to ourselves, with some difference, we think;
But forget it, for once, and to all of us drink:
A cup to the Nation—the greatest on earth!
Who doubts of the statement, but states his own worth.

Then here's to the nigger, and here's to Poor Lo!
And here's to the trigger that keeps 'em both so!

Then let the wind whistle and let the world go,
With a good whiskey jigger to warm crown and toe—
Here's a good whiskey jigger to warm crown and toe!

TOAST: "THE ARMY AND NAVY"

You can't *Carnegie* what you want,
'Tis mostly chaff, 'tis mostly cant;
A sheriff's equity to the rabble,
And hand-cuffs make all leagues more stable;
I-Am himself rules by the Devil,
And most are good fear to be evil.
A dog's respected for his bite,
Truth, if well-armed, passes for right;
A truth unarmed, a toothless dog,
Must cower 'neath the Dekalogue!

Then *here's to war!* we get peace by it:
'Tis war that gives us all our quiet.

Then *cant* be damned to Uncle Davy.—
Drink to the Army and the Navy!

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE

HERE'S TO THE EAGLE

Here's to the eagle, that soars where he pleases !
What he dislikes he leaves, what he does like he seizes—
Here's to the eagle, that soars where he pleases !

Here's to the eagle, that emblem of freedom !
His young will have claws and enough when they need 'em—
Here's to the eagle, that emblem of freedom !

Here's to the eagle, that bird of the mountains !
That washes his eye in Appollo's own fountains—
Here's to the eagle, that bird of the mountains !

Here's to the eagle, keen beak and swift feather !
There's something to pay when his claws come together—
Here's to the eagle, keen beak and swift feather !

HERE'S TO "MY COUNTRY"

Here's to my country !—If her age you regard,
Few infants have fortunes or flags are so starred ;
And, be that considered, with me you'll agree,
She is not quite so bad as some babies can be.

Then here's to my country !—This much I can say,
If she goes to the Deuce, she will go her own way ;
If she takes the right path, it will be all her own,
And not by the force of some other made known.

Then here's to my country !—Not perfection, perhaps,
But not to be made so by Germans or Japs !

I lift to the land where each hat is a crown !

EX BARBARIA

And he won't throw one up, he can then throw one down!
If we're not polished off, we are not polished flat;
And I point to our mountains and our rhymes to prove that!
Then here's to the land, that is always quite willing
For a fight or a frolic, on the toss of shilling!

TO JOHNNY REB

Old Johnny Reb, you're shaky now,
And foolish, and all that;
And the tales you tell, they'd make, you know,
The whole Blue Ridge seem flat;
But Johnny Reb, plague take you now,
I can't keep on my hat!

Old Johnny, boy, you'll not limp here
Always, "half shot," half paid:
Some of you'll scarce get through the year,
Even with whiskey's aid;
But Johnny, boy, when you get there,
Heaven's going on parade!

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE

TOAST: "TO THE LUCKY THAT FELL!"

They are gone from the blue ocean wave,
They are gone from the green forest shade;
And the story we praise and they made,
It is naught to them now in the grave!

But their names, they will live evermore!
And their fames will still circle the board:
Here's the "*Gray*" and the "*Cause*" they adored.
Here's the *crepe* and the *dust* we adore!

Let the victors hurrah!—it is well;
But the conquered, has he nothing of pride,
In the victories they won ere they died,
Had heard naught of defeat when they fell?

Not to them had Despair ever spoke,
Not for such to partake of the cup,
That is their's who survive to give up,
Every hope, and then bow to the yoke!

Then it's "*Here's to the lucky that fell*"!
To the buglers that blew no retreat:
To the dead, never heard of defeat—to his feet
Up, each, with a Rebel yell!

Then I lift to the boast that was kept,
And hurrah! for the sword never sheathed,—
To the Rebel unconquered, that breathed
Out his last on the field he had swept!

EX BARBARIA

YELLOW TAVERN

There was hurrying to South, there was scurrying to North,
There was spurring to East, there was spurring to West,
And each rider cried out, as he hurried him forth:
“This day it will prove horse and man that’s the best!”

Now straightening himself up, said, “Jeb” Stuart, “I guess
That the Doodles mean business”! and he made his plume fast—
“And when they call for us, boys, they must hear a loud ‘Yes!’
Then spur, my boys, spur—there’s the music at last”!

And thus to his Doodles bully little Philly Sheridan:
“Ha! they say we can’t ride—we will show ’em to-day!”
And O there was slashing and dashing, and merry then—
Sang out the bugles and rang out the fray!

Then again Philly Sheridan, “This riding with Johnny
Is enough to turn any “blue” Doodle to two;
But I guess it’s to Johnny himself not so funny;
But where in the Devil, “Jebby” Stuart, are you?”

Oh, alas! for the “Bonny Blue Flag,” and alas!
His spur, it is cold, and his arm is unbended;
And to-day and to-morrow in Dixie the grass
Drinks the best of her blood—and her hopes they are ended!

Yes, the mock-bird will feed her young ones on the morrow,
And the rose will ascend to adorn her arcade;
But when will the land that he loved cease to sorrow?
And when will the wreath for him cease to be made?

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE

O *not* till each daughter forgets her own mother,
O *not* till each son what his father has done;
O *never* till Dixie has something quite other
Than a warm heart and true one—the gift of the sun!

WHEN BOLD ASHBY RODE

“Bring forth my white charger!” cried Ashby, and bounded,
At once to the bows, richly hanseled and streaming;
“And follow me, boys, follow—there’s a stag to be hounded;
And his antlers they’re high and his frontlet is gleaming!

Then follow me, boys, follow, and away to the hunting!”—
Said Ashby, the bold, as his steed he was mounting.

And they rode and they rode, and some fell as they hurried,
But they staid not for these—’twas no time then for grieving:
For the hunting was good and the haps little worried;
Till their swords were all fleshed and their steeds were all
[heaving!

Then they cried, “It is fine, with both Ashby’s white leading,
Thus to hunt the north deer ’twist the bud and the burr;
Then hurrah! boys, and hurry to the next that lies bleeding!
For not to be in ‘at the death’ is a slur.”—

Such a chase had they then, that old hunters forbode,
Never hunting again as when bold Ashby rode.

EX BARBARIA

DIVIDED LAURELS: OR, A GRAY TROOPER'S MONODY

I smiled at the thing they called "danger,"
As I stroked out my proud sorrel's mane;
And I thought for the world I'd not change her—
And then we were "at it" again!

We were "at it," as oft we'd been "at it,"—
Till, at last, 'twixt her pants, as we paused,
Out gushed from the neck, I had patted,
The rich coral it's high archings had caused!

As I stand by her side now, bareheaded,—
For no time can that scene ever blot!—
How dear is the sod where she shed it,
In the *cause* they call "*lost*," ne'er forgot!

When you raise your proud stones unto heaven,
When your flowers you strew as the Spring,
I will join in the homage so given—
But a sprig on that spot I must fling!

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE

THE STANDARD

Good-looks are no less patriotic
Than ugliness, if less emphatic;
And Glory, like a woman, should
First fire the eye to stir the blood;
While he, 'd be knocked for a plain Duty,
Would be knocked twice if she were pretty.

An old quilt flung into the air,
Or togs of clown at country fair,
Could not more honest laughter raise,
Or less inspire or less amaze,
Than sheet we now above us wave,
(From the world's laughter Heaven save!)
As emblem of that liberty—
(Long live the jest Democracy!)
Which is to every one so dear,
The right unquestioned still to err.

But times have changed: we've time a plenty,
And with occasion may grow dainty;
As they, who ruffians were in war,
In peace may grow particular
About some point was then a trifle,
(As rights in war are monsters civil.)

So now, with fortunes on the rally,
And hand is not such slave to belly,
But women laugh and babies coo it,
(And only plenty makes 'em do it;)
When fields are full and garnerers cracking,
And sheep for shearers only lacking;
Milk dropping from the public udder,

EX BARBARIA

Beyond the extent of Pensioned Butter ;
That debt can but one teat control,
While thousands at the others pull ;
While every where we see the itch
Of pleasure lacks no hand to scratch ;
That Socrates, who made the comment,
Had, no doubt, smiled to find his thumb in't ;
And found more plenty than in Athens,
At least of all that clothes and fattens.

Then, while we grabbed some quilt in hurry,
From Honor's bed to blazon Glory,
And blind to every thing but use,
(Which is and was our sole excuse)
In modesty 'twould now become us,
(And civil people expect it from us,)
A change of flag with change of manners,
And, with less blood, less red on banners !

True, liberty is a great matter,
But liberty may be made better :
A little of Paris now and then
Helps even Democratic men.

And, till we've won the smile from Beauty,
We scarce can say we've done our duty.

Meantime, though it may stir the heart,
The flag of Freedom's damned bad art !

“This England!”

*“This other Eden, demi-Paradise, * * **
*This precious stone set in the silver sea, * * **
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!”
—RICHARD II.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT

I LOVE thy bugles, Walter Scott,
I love Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu;
I love, in fact, each form, each spot,
Each battlement, each flower-pot,
Thy hand for hallowing memory drew;
But with this puling modern crew,
Which is the right course to pursue?
God knows you taught them not, my Scott!

I sometimes wonder, Walter Scott,
If you were living what you'd do,
With all this damned mad puling crew;
Unless a sword you had and drew,
Like bold Fitz-James or Roderick Dhu,
And cut the throats of all the lot!—
'Twould be a fine thing, surely too;
And how I would applaud it, Scott!

EX BARBARIA

“THIS ENGLAND!”

“Ah! that Sir Philip Sidney should be dead!
Ah! that Sir Richard Grinville should be dead!”—
Well spoke, old Gabriel, and this lament sounds,
Blown from thine antique pipe, as from the mounds
It had burst forth of those brave men themselves.—

But now the juniors push the elders from the shelves:
What would you think, if you had read what I
Have done to-day, or looked thro', with a sigh,
And something of the rage then tore thy heart,
When Ignorance bludgeoned Talent, without art,
In thine own day?—But, judge, if I don't thwack 'em
A little, since shameful 'twere to attack 'em.

And so we'll lead our light troops out awhile,
Leaving our veterans to observe, and smile.

I've read the “Everlasting”—what was it?—“Mercy?”
I met “the widow” in some “bye street”: her's I
Call a tough tale; but “Drake”—worse verse I
Vow never to have read. Yet they say these are
All “poetry”—and may be so when I am Cæsar!

Since Shakspeare never was an age so mean
That had not laughed these bunglers from the scene,
Till this: this has such passing gratitude
For any thing it gets, and then such latitude,
By way of judgment, that anything now goes
That sounds like poetry or that looks like prose;
Or, if 'tis neither, then it passes, being
Esteemed that great discovery this all-seeing
And long-eared age hath made—Palmerian verse!

“THIS ENGLAND!”

Which is nor prose nor rhyme, but something worse
Than either. Walt Whitman was its nurse, one
McPherson was its sire, its dam aversion
To rhyme and reason, for the worthy reason
That raging madness was “the rage” that season.

For *this* we took Horatius from the boys,
That they might relish more Masfield and Noyes!
For *this* old Homer was declared “too old,”
That Yeats might sell and Virgil lie unsold!
For *this* we damned the classics, cried up knowledge
Of more immediate worth, and wrecked each college;
And, ’neath a banner, inscribed “all for science!”
Made war on elegance, and threw defiance
Into the teeth of decency and order,
And rode a foray, as Scots rode the Border!
Smiled like true Northmen at the wreck we made,
And only asked one question—if it paid?

The Plebs ascend, as once the Goths descended,
And the result?—just what some apprehended,
Yet not exactly one to be commended.

(O Democratic doctrines, you excel,
In making all a veritable Hell.—
Better a world beneath one wise man’s rule
Than one offsets each wise man with a fool!
If manners must decline as men advance, why,
Then keep ’em slaves for sake of decency.
(The age of steel is too the age of lead:
We’ve perfect specks, but nothing to be read.)

In time to come, when men return to view
This age, they’ll ask, yes o’er and o’er, “Is ’t true,
Is’t possible, these men are kin to those

EX BARBARIA

Made English verse, or even English prose,
To say naught of that history they compose? It—
It must be so; and yet none would suppose it,
But, rather, that a flood had blotted out
Three hundred years, or that those years were not!
What! these Bœotian bastards kin to Sidney,
And heirs direct of Shakespeare and of Rodney?
Who can't face facts or Germans without fright,
And can't behave themselves, and cannot write—
Though very fond of trying day and night.”

Oh turn that English cheek to servile black,
That ruddies not with shame.—Alack! alack!
I own I can't look forward, so look back.—

There was an island once—“England”! by name,
Of some pretensions both to worth and fame:
Alack! that day is past: she loved a row,
But whether she will fight some doubt it now.
In art, in politics, she's sunk so low,
Her writers can't be worse, her statesmen—no!
She has none: that exalted breed's extinct
That fulminated once, and to high rhetoric linked
Nestorian wisdom; that their tale now reads
Like ancient Troy's, and to that succeeds
A trivial story.—Oh! how much unlike
Their fathers are their sons! They'd rather strike
A bargain now than to cleave through
The helm of an invader—craven crew!
Upon that coast, bred Warwick, there now thrives
A race of hen-pecks cannot rule their wives!—

“THIS ENGLAND!”

How India now must laugh and Egypt smile,
At those would clear the Ganges, dam the Nile!
Were the retort not apt, “Go home, and when
You can rule there expect to rule us then:—
Then, if not conquerors, we’ll call you men!”

What could a modern Englishman reply,
But, with his wife’s consent, prepare to fly:
Pack up his *Gladstone*, dust himself once more,
And quit two empires, to pursue a whore!

They’re Englishmen in this, they do not act
Or sing in Irish; but forgot’s the fact
There once were Englishmen that fought and sang
Like Romans and like Greeks, while the world rang
Its high applauses,—where are they, where?——
“O, Hamlet, what a falling off was here!”
A German stares, and Englishmen grow pale!
A Noyes rhymes, and England shrieks “All Hail!”
Ye gods, the end of things cannot be far,
When *noise* is *verse* and England fears a war!

Once men lived here, who, questioned, had replied,
“My home is England!” nor denied the pride
That went with the reflection. Now, alas,
They will admit it, but regret, it has
Such claim upon them.—England! thy sons
Must blush for thee, who smiled to name thee once.

This England should not be the theme for such a story:—
Once History wrote that name as oft as she did “Glory”;
Nor suits this hand to trace it—O that it
Were palsied and the facts were opposite!

EX BARBARIA

For, if there's aught to which my heart is bound,
It is that spot Fame smiles on, seas surround,
Called "England"!—Earth, thou hast no nobler ground!

And thrill ye not, that stand upon her sod
And breathe her air this morn?—Almighty God!
And leagues and leagues of sea have intervened,
In vain, 'twixt her and me, and years apart would rend!—

Wake, blood of Britons, glorious in your graves!
Else, Ocean, rise and hide her with thy waves!—

"Ah! that Sir Philip Sidney should be dead!
Ah! that Sir Richard Grinville should be dead!"—
Blush, Englishmen, blush, *blush*—your fathers *bled*!

Epigrams

ON THE LIKELIHOOD OF BEING LADY-BURTONED

PRIM Mistress Prude will naught with Mistress Jolly,
Be mildly merry or else melancholy:
I know that I must answer for my folly,
Be Lady-Burtoned o'er, or burnt up wholly.
This is the fate reserved for old blades certain,
To meet the flames or meet with Lady Burton.

THE PROOF

As cook that eats her own mistakes,
To prove how well she plans and bakes,
Each scribbler binds his wretched stuff,
As printing it were not enough;
And, having ranked his *eights* and *twelves*,
He, smiling, points us to the shelves.

We smile, since smiling is in season;
But, fool!—he doesn't know the reason.

ON BEAUTY

The Almighty's advertisement! thus He shows
His handiwork, by woman and the rose;
And not by Moses, as some do surmise it:
Such are but myths, but these are mysteries.

EX BARBARIA

ON PRECEDENTS

Great policies, like those that plead 'em,
Oft have but little to precede 'em;
But, once accrues success and fame,
We ask not whence the wonders came.

Enough if things be good, whereby
They came so, fools may ask, not I.

THE CODE ABBREVIATED

Oft 'twixt the two points of a quarrel
The shortest line is a gun-barrel:
When longer talking is a joke,
To clear up things, we need some smoke.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

What Homer did and Bonaparté,
I smiling do—weep, all creation—
Following my betters: Glory, Art, ye
Can hardly term this “imitation.”

ON DEITY

'Tis most convenient to suppose a “God.”
'Tis a short way for saying what we would:
I don't believe in God, my dear Athenians;
But call it “God,” for sake of mere convenience.

EPIGRAMS

A SOUND BASIS FOR BELIEF

Small matters the creed, all matters the roast or stew:
Don't let me starve, agreed, and I'll agree with you.

THE ONLY QUESTION

I fly the lean man and pursue the fat;
 "And is the fat man right, the lean man wrong?"
I, truly, never thought of asking that:
 It seemed enough the fat man got along.

ON LAUGHTER

If poor, if base, to change it all,
Hold but your sides, you hold the Ball;
At least he has of it one-half,
Who at the "other half" can laugh.

ON VIRTUE

A woman's virtuous oft when she has none,
But, question it, that instant it is gone:
Caesar was right, and Cassio also wise,
The bubble reputation breaks or flies.

ON APPROBATION

She is the smile of all creation,
Who, smiling, smiles my approbation;
While how can she to love me move,
Who knows not the first law of love?
Which is, *imprimis*, "I approve!"

EX BARBARIA

ON MURRAY'S DICTIONARY

"The greatest art of all. the art to blot."
Says Pope; and true, save this, *to hit the spot*.
Fools wander by the way or by the ream,
Wise men would rather ask than to misdeem.
And, so, good morning to thy Dictionary!
Since I have never had the honor yet, "my Murray"!

ON DEVOTION

The house of God is but a house of ease;
Where heads, to purge, must also bend their knees.

ON NATURE AND MAN

Of all he wills, do all he can,
Still Nature has the laugh on man:
Delilah like, all vines appears,
Yet hugs to ruin all he rears,

To-day he smiles, to-morrow she
Drinks from his skull in mockery:
And still the toast she offers is,
My old friend Adam, him and his!—

We laugh at Samson and Old Antony,
But Nature's smiling at Humanity;
And, by the ordinary test,
Her laugh, being last, should be the best.

EPIGRAMS

ON A BED

Here are the arms at once of Life and Death:
We lose it here, and here we first gain breath;
Here's snow enough, and yet no lack of heat;
"Where's happiness," you say?—lift up this sheet!

A GOOD REASON FOR ORTHODOXY

We join the fools, in order to be well
Treated, wined, dined: the dinner bell
Is our excuse for tolerating "Hell."

ON YOUTH

O golden youth! when here, they will not let thee;
When gone, what's left but merely to regret thee!

THE TRUE FAITH

Faith in Heaven's but lack of trust
In the five senses—here's to dust!
From such I sprung, to such I go:
So much, so much alone, I know.

EX BARBARIA

THE WORST ITCH

Seduce one sister, all the rest
Will marry, pine, or be so pressed:
Like inclination to the stool
If one, then all would play the fool.

Pleasures are catching, they all catch
Somehow the itch, and straight would scratch;
And, of all itches, there is none
Like hers who swears she is "undone."

ON NATURE AND RELIGION

There's no *Te Deum* like a rolling sea,
And half of "God" is natural poetry:
Thus when we hear a thunder clap and kneel,
How much more pious than at church we feel?

That it is clear the Devil's and the Lord's
Are only other names for natural chords.

ON THE CHIEF INCLINATIONS OF AGE

O the things I find most to my mind,
Are the things I can't recall;
By day to sleep I'm most "inclined,"
At night inclined to the wall!

EPIGRAMS

ON PEELE

He, Atlas-wise, reached Chaucer his left hand,
Who smiled, and on to Shakespeare passed his wand:
There stood they twain, till Donne rose with his wit;
Next thundering Milton from Heaven 'mongst them lit;
Time breathed a while, and then a fifth she added:
"Byron"! cried Goethe, and Minerva nodded.

ON A CERTAIN POETICAL AUTHIOR

A fool unchanged, he slips from form to form:
In verse a moth, in prose another worm;
Ofttimes uncertain at which stage he lies,
Now drags a wing, now crawls along the skies;
At last unnoticed, if he crawls or flies,
Turns to his central nothingness and dies.

ON WOMAN

O woman! charming woman! what can we
Say of thee that will some proportion keep?—
You smile, and all that's fair we deem we see,
One tear, and smiles, even yours, are oh! how cheap!"

ON LOWELL

Yes, Lowell's *Essays* you may well peruse;
But damn his verse, his prose was all his muse.

EX BARBARIA

ON YOUNG

Another Pope we might have had in Young,
If after dark Young had but held his tongue:
In satire he doth rarely miss the mark,
In sober verse is neither owl nor lark.

INSCRIPTION FOR A DOG COLLAR

(After Pope)

I'm Dargan's dog at *Round Top*: who,
Pray, sir, owns such a dog as you?

ON DR. DONNE'S ADVANCEMENT

When Dr. Donne had got his gown.
And, parson-like, had learned to frown,
Some said, he had so many raised,
That one had raised him none amazed.

EPIGRAMS

ON A PORTRAIT OF COLERIDGE

Behold the wondrous bard of "*Kubla Khan*"!
The "more than mortal" and the less than man:
One hand supplies the pillows of his bed,
Supporting great afflictions in his head,
The other reaching out for Southey's bread,
(For "Southey" spells good nature, tho' unread.)

In bed the "Khan" was born: the bard asleep
Conceived it, after numbering Wordsworth's "sheep";
Arose, and wrote, with fire he here displays,
While "*Alph*" reflects the mind that liquid strays.

Alas! what nonsense will the world receive!
If rhymed the madness, Folly will believe:

So Coleridge for a seer is widely famed,
And Blake is reasonable—and sense be damned!

REFLECTIONS IN AN ART GALLERY

Be-wigged, be-robed, in paint he sits,
Whom Life had starved, except for bits;
And marble roofs now shut him in,
Who had not here to shut his skin:
The stone he is, the gold on frame,
Had saved a man that lends a name!

Yet such the lot, full often ours,
To lack the loaf and wear the flowers.

EX BARBARIA

ON ROSSETTI'S OPENING HIS WIFE'S GRAVE TO RECOVER HIS POEMS

Was't wise, think you, to give the grave a tongue
To double damn thee of all men unhung?
Unrifled, men had said, "Here lies a treasure!"
But opened, and that read, "A sexton's measure!"

ON BYRON

"Add but one drop of ink unto the sea,
And thou shalt live eternally as she!"
Thus quoth the Muse, and thrust into his hand
A pen, wherewith he brought the seas on land:
Since which o'er mountains roll they as sea-caves,
And Byron's name prevails above the waves!

"Roll on!" as when Jove first gave order "Roll!"
Behold each wave obeys the new control;
New storms are gathered at the new command,
While Greekish Venus makes for English land;
Forgotten thunders strike the blind man's ears,
And he, has never seen it, thinks he hears!—

Thy words will form a sea, when that
Thou sang'st is but a melancholy flat,
Across whose panting deserts tribes unknown
Will still imagined billows bid, "Roll on!"

AMERICAN POLITICS

"Long live the King!"—Aye, would to God he ruled—
Better be too much taxed than too long fooled;
Yet, when some twenty million asses vote, what is it
But proof that Reason will as surely miss it?

And so I say "A King!"—if not, "A Queen!"—
Just anything but what is or has been.

EPIGRAMS

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Friends, where I fall, there let me rest,
Or far or near, on land or sea :
Respect it please, this one request,
Leave off regret, and there leave me !

ON WOMAN

“Ne’er trust a woman : how so good or civil,
Her first acquaintance, and her last, the Devil :”
This I have somewhere seen, but can’t say where,
But, that ’tis true, ’s apparent anywhere.

ON LORD TENNYSON

“God’s finger touched him, and he slept !” says T :
I know T’s touch always so affected me.

ON CHURCHILL

Church-hill remember, when you write your next ;
“*Church-hill remember !*” should be each bard’s text.—

Churchill remembered, had he known to fit
To staff of malice the keen point of wit ;
Now dull and heavy, for the most, remains,
The brief epitomy of his country’s brains ;
Which, not by wine, French blood or madness stirred,
Plod on from Jonson first to Johnson third.

Get drunk, get mad, before you write again,
Else cease to write, if a mere Englishman.

EX BARBARIA

ON PHILLIP'S "MARRIAGE OF THE SEAS"

When the two oceans meet and boil and bubble,
And Goethals gets his wreathes—(don't count the trouble!)
There'll be less discord then than we find here,
Where Phillips drives his verse from ear to ear.

Oceans may marry, or remain apart,
Uncut the isthmus 'twixt thy head and art:
Whatever commerce there shall come to pass
Must be dragged over by aid of an ass!

This may make laureates, but it won't make sense;
But sense is nothing, so you gather pence.

ON THE LATE AWARD OF THE NOBEL PRIZE

The Nobel prize is nothing very noble;
Yet, strange, the serious fool receives the bauble.

ON WHITMAN

In body vigorous, but in mind a child,
Like all such creatures naturally ran wild;
His very yard, a rattle in his hand,
He shook at Modesty, and thought she'd stand!—

In ink a behemoth, content to splurge,
Yet glorious as a monster wallowing in the surge!
Nor man nor beast entire: when you'd see both,
Ope but his look, and view the behemoth!

EPIGRAMS

ON LAUGHTER

The world forgives you for most things but laughter:
An ugly woman likes no one laughing at her.

ON A CERTAIN FALSTAFFIAN STATESMAN

An angel in delight, a woman galled,
A monarch going, and a flunkey called.

ON FAME

Caesar survives upon a coin,
And all the rest must Caesar join;
And, where he once did freely range,
The Indian serves us now for change.—
A shaft, a bust, a coin, and then,
Still lessening, dust, like other men.

ON THE SAME

This fault we find, whate'er be good in fame,
It drains a heart, to greener make a name.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

Flesh is flesh: there's but a flea
Of difference 'twixt my dog and me;
And, 'twixt me and the horse I straddle,
The only difference is the saddle.

Picayunes



IN HONOR OF BACCHUS

FILL the cup up to the brim!
Joys, like the bubbles, swim;
Sorrow's but another drouth,
To dry the eyes we wet the mouth!
If I utter one sad note,
'T is then when quite dry's my throat;
When I'm happy, this I know,
I am drunk, or nearly so:
Fill the cup up, while we can,
To old Bacchus and his clan!—
Trouble flies his very name;
Then doubly drink unto his fame!
All the other gods may be—
God knows what: we drink, and see
Golden Bacchus in the cup;
Then, come, doubly fill it up!
To god Bacchus and his fame—
Trouble flies his very name!

PICAYUNES

ADDRESS TO HIS HEART

Fluttering, foolish Heart, be still!
Why endeavor, ever, ever,
To find what you never will—
Never! never!

Longer will you that pursue,
Long pursuit hath gained you never?
What has joy to do with you?
Trusting, loving, foolish ever!

Trusting, foolish Heart, love on!
What, tho' joy thus flies you ever,
'T is enough that this you've done—
Trusted, loved and false been never!

THE EXAMPLE

The birds are mating on the bough,
The fishes in the sea:
Come, late-o'-love, and kiss me now,
And I'll kiss only thee!

To hours lost will give no thought,
Lest that should give us pain;
But only see we lose them not,
The few that yet remain.

EX BARBARIA

Then what the feathered songster does
 Upon the blooming tree,
And what the fishes teach to us,
 All in the deep blue sea;

That let us do; it pleases them,
 And thrills both sea and grove:—
When birds are loud and fishes swim,
 They sing and swim for love!

ON LIBERTY IN LOVE

O! who'd renounce a free-gift rose,
 For title to the field?
Or that first maiden kiss for those
 Connubial lips must yield?

Too close possession doth attaint,
 The thing that is so held;
Then let me have, or let me want,
 But nothing is compelled!

As Zephyr blows, as comes the wave,
 Love comes, and Love so flies:
The little god was ne'er a slave—
 Once bind him and he dies!

Then freely let us love and live,
 For freedom is love's all:
A world, with chains, you need not give,
 Nor, free, fear for its fall!

PICAYUNES

THE SECRET

When I was her lover,
Found I little ease;
Now I mean to give her over,
Seek no more to please;

Go my way, and let her go,
Wisdom so advises:
When I do, I know
She no more despises.

Contra runs the law of love:
Please them and they fly you;
Fly them, and they'll not fly *off*,
But fly *by* you!

Then no more a puling lover,
I am all for ease:
Show you think yourself above her,
If you'd bring her to her knees!

Then no more a puling lover—
I have tried both ways:
If you'd keep her, give her over,
Leave her, and she stays!

EX BARBARIA

THE CURE-ALL

Folly lead me long and far,
'Till I constant grew thro' loving:
Now no more of further roving,
There is not a more fixed star
In the gilded vault above!

Follow me, who luckless are,
Leaving Fancy's gay deceiving;
There's no truth so worth believing,
Sorrow endeth only there,
When and where we are in love!

I USED TO THINK

I used to think
I'd seen it sink
My foolish youth behind me;
That eyes no more
Could, as before,
My beaming brightly blind me;
That I'd grown tough,
And so was proof,
'Gaint any eye might find me;

But in the test,
I find my breast
Is quite as soft as ever:—
Tho' there's no way
To safely play
With fire, I am braver;
And when she cries,
Of fire she dies,
I'll burn myself or save her!

PICAYUNES

TO * * *

My heart is like a piece of ice
That's lessening every day,
But all that's left as perfect is
As that first dripped away.

Then, tho' 'tis cold, how soft it is
You perfectly may see;
But thine is stone, nor Phoebus' kiss
Nor mine can alter thee.

The flames that would thaw such a breast
Would burn the world as well;
Then do not talk of *love*—the best
You can hope to do is—*sell*.

A REASONABLE ANSWER

Sickish, sentimental, Folly,
Do you think to take me now,
With your puling melancholy?
I were then more fool than thou!

For your cheats I do perceive them,
So I bid you pack away;
For your worthless wares,—why, leave them,
If you care to—what are they?

Broken hearts, and breaking others,
Such your trophies be I ween;
But you'll never break another's—
Still let's see what's to be seen!

E X B A R B A R I A

THE BARGAIN "RUED"

Take it back, the bargain's over;
I discover, I discover,
No true heart like mine in you!

When I first the traffic sought,
Then I thought, yes, then I thought,
Gold for gold I did pursue!

Now I find I wrong did reckon;
Much mistaken, so mistaken,
I must needs the bargain rue!

Foolish I to think to part,
With a heart, such a heart
As no woman ever knew!

But alas! too late I've spoken,
It is broken; and, as token,
Every piece belongs to you!

PICAYUNES

TO * * *: ON STAY-AT-HOMES

The ship, deferred to storms unfelt,
Would never cross the inconstant Belt,
But still would court
The harmless port,
Leave mines to blush, Arabia melt!

The bird that never dared to try
Her fluttering wings within the sky,
Would still be wed,
As she were lead,
Unto base earth and never fly:

So, lest these lips shall dare to kiss.
And flutter in love's doubtful skies,
Thou'lt live a maid,
And flower-like fade,
And never guess where Heaven is!

THE LIGHT DIVINE

The light divine that shineth
In Love's bright eye,
'Tis it the star refineth,
To what we see on high;
It's setting is our sorrow,
It's rising is our cheer;
It gilds the dawn to-morrow,
And there is nothing fair
But must it's beauty borrow
From light that shineth there.
In Love's bright eye!

EX BARBARIA

The light divine that beameth,
In Love's eye bright,
The poet when he dreameth
By it must take his flight;
From it alone he gaineth
The sparks that light his lines,
And when its bright beam waneth
His star alone declines;
But, while it beams, he deemeth,
'Tis light divine that shines,
In Love's eye bright!

THE HOSTAGE

This heart of mine,
This heart of mine,
No peace hath given me;
Then take it thou,
Yes, take it thou,
If peace I thus may see.

But hear you, now,
Aye, hear you now,
Some hostage furnish me:—
Give that of thine,
For this of mine,
And *both* some peace may see.

P I C A Y U N E S

TO —

ON FIRST REFUSING A REQUEST

My tongue shall not pronounce the word
Doth aught to thee deny;
Lest, when my ear that sound had heard,
Of it my heart should die!

Accursed the pen that writes it now!
The ink that doth it wet;
And would to write I'd ne'er learned how,
Or could it now forget.

'Twas thus that ink first learned to fade,
And pen first learned to scratch;
And the first youth denied his maid
Just such another wretch!

TO A FICKLE ONE

When first I met thee, straight I knew
My heart was gone forever,
To find that purer one in you,
Or dying so endeavor.

But long pursuit hath taught me, sweet,
That such was all in vain;
For with such shall I never meet,
Since 'twas not there to gain.

Ah! had I but some hint been given,
How much of time I'd saved;
Thus saints in vain seek out a Heaven,
And find a Hell of pain.

E X B A R B A R I A

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

Beauty's eye may fade,
 Beauty's cheek may suffer;
Scarce on earth is made,
 Aught that is not tougher;

Yet, tho' cheeks may lose
 Half the roses in them,
Yet who would not choose
 With his life to win them?

Then, tho' beauty be
 But a fading flower,
And the eyes we see,
 May not see an hour;

Yet, while roses are,
 And while eyes are blinking,
Of what will them mar
 Little are we thinking.

'Then loud sound, my lute!
 All I say is reason;
Who would it dispute,
 May in proper season:

But, while I behold
 Beauties smiling 'round me,—
I shall be as bold,
 And, my lute, resound thee

PICAYUNES

To brave things the while,
As there were no sorrow :
Tho' we live to smile,
'Tis not now—to-morrow !

Then, while I behold
Beauties 'round me beaming,
As the lights untold
From the welkin gleaming,

I shall raise a strain—
'Tis in love and duty :
Till we're wise again,
Here's to night and beauty !

THE MOTE

Into her smile I swam,
A mote ; and therein shone
One moment, then swam on,
To be the mote I am :
Yet not the same mote quite,
Since touched by that rare light.

EX BARBARIA

TO A WANTON

Come, thou nimble wanton eye!
Look thy lechery on me;
And I'll meet thee, and we'll tie
Gordian knots of fealty:
Then with a kiss we'll cut in two
Every bond 'twixt me and you!

Oh! ne'er think that I will fear,
Tho' the devil be in you;
Loose that tongue, and let him hear
I'm sometimes a devil too!
Come, thou wanton, look on me,
I'm the rogue to rumple thee!

Come, let Heaven house the fools
Have no bodies, only souls:
When we cannot Heaven out-do,
Then we will be Angels too!
But, till we are Angels even,
More of earth and less of Heaven!

Come, thou wanton! with those eyes,
Call the blood as Luna can
The salt flood, when from the skies
She looks down, as you on man.—
Be the flint, I am the steel,
And our sparks we will reveal:—

Thus 'tis glorious, only thus!
All are able would ape us.

PICAYUNES

COMFORT AT LAST

I tried to get Phoebe to weep o'er my story,
I tried to get Hannah to crown up my brows;
But Phoebe was cautious, and Hannah was sorry.
And so I have left them with curses and vows!

Jeannette was a widow, and pity she showed me,
Divorced from her husband was Milly divine;
Now Jeannette is inclining her head and heart toward me,
And Milly, I think, in a week will be mine.

With one on my left hand and one on my right hand,
I'll laugh at the virgins who scorned me before;
For, tho' one has a "black hand" and one has a "light hand,"
I'm thinking this winter I'll not lie so cold!

TO ONE NEEDLESSLY COY

If I Philetas' shoes did own,
And time as long to sue,
I think I'd find "*Pseudominon*"
Before I found out you!

But, since those good old days, possessed
Such charms, are not for me,
I think I'll seek another breast,
On which to dote on thee!

Fed on imagination, you
May taste what I then find,
Platonic people, boast, they do,
Perceive more by the mind:—

EX BARBARIA

For me, I am so ordinary,
And have such common, vulgar taste,
I draw on Nature's commissary,
And, fooled it may be, think I feast.

Then, pardon, if I must depart,
Since Haste bide "no delay";
But says, "Far better half a heart
Than a whole one takes all day"!

NO MORE OF YOUR GLORY

No more of your glory, no more of your fame,
There's naught in their shouting, there's naught in a name!
If only we win but the smile of the dearest,
And know that, afar, we yet still are the nearest,
The rest is as worthless as chaff loosely blown—
If a stranger to her what are strangers made known?
If she sighs that she loves me, the rest may all hate;
In her hand is my fortune, in her eye is my fate!
And the barest of deserts will seem like a throne,
And a throne but a desert if sat on alone!

Then tell me no more of your aims high and flighty,
I wish to be happy and not to be mighty!

Give your crowns to the heartless—they'll gladly receive them,
Tell your tales to the foolish—for I will not believe them!
I have weighed, and have found them too light for my pledging:
Come, you lips that I love, and the world may go begging!

The Heart of Old Erin



“THE SILK OF THE KINE”

Cush! cush! “my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine”!

Thy freedom grows green, and thy laurels I’ll twine:
Once again men shall see thee lit up with a smile,
Once again to the front comes the green Emerald Isle!

Then, come, “my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine”!

No brow for the laurels is fitter than thine:—
He loves a warm breast—doth a warmer one bound?
He seeks a firm hand—is a firmer one found?

Then, come “my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine”!

All the laurels I gather shall be laurels of thine:
So crowned thou shalt be, and so crowned I will smile,
When again to the front comes the green Emerald Isle!

EX BARBARIA

AVONDU

*"Farewell to thy wave, thou dark Avondu!
There are streams—I will find them—far fairer than you;
How gladly I quit thee, strange paths to pursue,
Afar from dark, rapid-rolling, loud Avondu!"*

*Thus sang I, by Fancy beguiled thence to roam,
Leaving loved ones and loving ones—all we call home;
Delighted to leave them, no better I knew,
And as light as the arrow, and as rapidly flew.*

*But, on as I wandered, how oft did I cry,
"O fair Avondu, by thee fain would I lie!
How little I knew when I parted from you,
My own loved, rapid-rolling, dark Avondu!"*

*With darken skies o'er me, and no friends I find,
O would, Avondu, I'd ne'er left thee behind!
How I pine for thy music, I once thought a bore,
By thy side how I'd smile as I ne'er smiled before!*

*O loved Avondu, by thee fain would I be,
Tho' it were my death-sleep it were sweet if by thee!—
O my own Avondu, if I reach thee again,
I will quit thee for Heaven, but not until then!"*

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

THE POOR MAID'S LAMENT

Some folks can tell a creature's heart
By looking in its eyes:—
O would to me belonged such art,
That I might be so wise;
That I might read my true-love so,
And save my poor heart breaking.
There's mischief there, I know, I know,
But, maybe, just out-making!
And love might be behind 'em yet,
Such love as I am seeking:—
O that I knew but how to get
At what they now are speaking!
O some are wise, and have the art
To read a creature's eyes:
O would I could, to read his heart,
By mine own idol's eyes!

MOLLY ASTHORE

"Gra machree, ma colleen, Molly asthore!"
What does it mean to me, thou art no more!—
"Gra machree, ma colleen, Molly asthore!"
Never more day shall come,
Never more flower shall bloom,
As of yore,
Molly asthore!
Never more shall there be
Bright skies over me;
But still all I see
Will make sigh for thee—
"Gra machree, ma colleen, Molly asthore!"

EX BARBARIA

THE DIRGE OF DUNROE

Oh! weep for Knockmany,
Oh! sigh for Dunroe!—
For the fairest of any
Lies cold at a blow:—
Then sigh for Knockmany
And weep for Dunroe!

Death, stays not,
He weighs not
The worth nor the woe;
Then weep for Knockmany,
And sigh for Dunroe!

Oh! neat she was,
Sweet she was,
Modest, and O!
Never one fairer was,
Never one dearer was,—
Never one near her was
But loved her so!

How she smiled!
All beguiled—
Did not Death know
Fetter a bit?—
Never a bit!—
The fairest lies low:
Then weep for Knockmany,
And sigh for Dunroe!

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

“IT WAS AN IRISHMAN”

Who took the lady from the stream?—

“It was an Irishman!”

Who dared the flames—all in a dream?—

Of course, another Irishman!

Who made the table roar aloud,

And then knocked down the whole damned crowd,

Who ne’er was bluffed and can’t be cowed?—

Why, Pat, of course, the Irishman!

Who lugs the bull in by the horn,

Such bull, in fact, as ne’er was born?—

This you may see tomorrow morn—

Pat never could—an Irishman!

Who puts the clothes on drab and son,

Altho’ it may not be his own?—

A dozen times when this is done,

’Tis ten to two an Irishman!

Who feeds the orphan and the Church?—

Tho’ they may leave him in the lurch,

To go to Hell—it cannot smirch—

(He’ll stand the search)—an Irishman!

What giant leads that baby there?—

O you can bet, and never fear:

See him tomorrow on the Square—

Deserves his star, that Irishman!

Who dins all this is clearly seen,

By those can read the lines between—

(And he who can’t ’s an—Englishman!)—

Long live the shamrock and the green!

So says an *Irishman!*

EX BARBARIA

IRISH MARY

Here's a cup to you, plump Irish Mary!
Smoothing lumps in a snug Irish dairy;
And there's nothing on earth
That can equal the worth
Of her butter, but her—Irish Mary!

Now, you're naughty, no doubt, and contrary,
And the wave and you equally vary;
But, I swear, it's myself
Sitting there on the shelf,
To be beaten or pressed by you, Mary!

I must own you're not exactly a fairy,
That your ways are not bird-like and airy;
But you're the whole earth to me,
And the sky and the sea,
Since I met you the first, Irish Mary!

Then, come, give me—you know *what*, Irish Mary!
And I'll give thee—no, not *that*, Irish Mary!
But I'll call up the cows,
If the occasion allows,
And they'll each “give down” their all for their Mary!

Then, come, give me a taste—will you, Mary?
And a hug 'round the waste—that's it, Mary!—
O, ye Heavens!—adieu
To your butter and you—
I even pity your poor cows—*greasy Mary!*

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

DENIS M'CARTY

My old friend Denis McCarty
Had a way with him that was quite hearty:
 He couldn't do much,
 But the little he could
 He did with a touch
 That quite stirred up the blood—
Did my old friend Denis McCarty—
Bluff, blundering Denis McCarty!

No saint was my friend McCarty:
 He was fond of a joke,
 He would drink, and he'd smoke,
 And the things that he spoke
Were quite—*h-e-a-r-t-y*,
To say the least of bluff Denis McCarty—
Rough diamond was Denis McCarty!

So he lived, and he died, did McCarty;
But the Devil was not of the party—
 All others turned out;
 And his tomb-stone's about
As tall as was Denis McCarty!—
Here's to you, bluff Denis McCarty!

EX BARBARIA

HERE'S TO THE GREEN!

Here's to the green!
The dear old green,
The green of the Emerald Isle!

The fair, fresh, green,
The clear, clean, green,
Like the seas 'round the Emerald Isle!

The green that we love,
The green that's above
The long *green-back* by a mile!

To the ever-fresh green,
To the never-less green—
To the green of the Emerald Isle!

HERE'S TO THE SHAMROCK!

Here's to the shamrock!
The three-leaved shamrock,
The pretty, priceless, shamrock,
That grows on Erin's isle!

There's nothing like the shamrock,—
There're few dare fight the shamrock;—
God yet will right the shamrock,
And Erin's royal isle!

Who trifles with the shamrock,
The priceless, peerless, shamrock,
“*He'll get a Limerick hammock!*”
Says the green old Isle!

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

THERE'S A GREEN ISLE O'ER THE OCEAN

There's a green isle o'er the ocean,
And a blue-eyed girl dreams there;
And each sigh it is devotion,
And each thought it is a prayer,

For a worthless, idle rover,
Who has left her all alone,
But to cross the wide seas over
To a shore that's not his own!

Now that island it is Erin,
And there dreams my own colleen;
And, tho' far from her I'm faring,
Still my prayer has ever been:

Live the shamrock green forever,
Heaven bless my own colleen!
Till we meet again, if ever,
At a flaunting of the green!

EX BARBARIA

THAT DEAR OLD EMERALD ISLE

I have often heard it spoken
And I think it is quite true,
Heaven has given us a token
Of itself in all we view:
Of all stars there's one that's brightest,
Of all flowers one most fair,
Of all swans there's one that's whitest,
Of all eyes a single pair!

Of all lands there's but one country,
In that country but one spot;
And, you take them all and sundry,
Let it never be forgot
That the wise of every nation
Have concluded, quite awhile,
That the smile of all creation
Is that dear old Emerald Isle!—

Then take me back to Ireland.
To Ireland! to Ireland!—
Then take me back to Ireland,
To that dear old Emerald Isle!

Somewhere there is one bosom
That's for us the softest breast,
Just as somewhere there's one blossom
That is sweeter than the rest;
As somewhere one hand that's warmer,
As 't is pressed in thine or mine,
And just one quite perfect charmer
With a voice for us divine!

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

Of all things there's just one only.

And that one is all supreme,
Seeming 'mid its fellows lonely

Like an islet in a stream;
And the wise of every nation

Have concluded, quite awhile,
That the pride of all creation
Is that dear old Emerald Isle!—

Then take me back to Ireland—etc.

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE-EYED MAIDEN

There's a little blue-eyed maiden,

Who is always true to me;
And no thought has she of mating,
Tho' the birds about her be;

But she's ever for me waiting,
Tho' I now a wanderer be;
For there's one little blue-eyed maiden
That is always true to me!

And, whenever I forget her,
May I then forgotten be,
In this world and in that better,
Where her like I'll only see—

*Such a dear little blue-eyed maiden,
That is always true to me!*

And, tho' seas may wash between us,
They may wash the stars above,
But true Irish hearts within us,
We will dare them all for love—
*Yes, true Irish hearts within us,
We will dare them all for love!*

E X B A R B A R I A

THE NEXT TIME I WANDER

Thro' the green isle of Erin
In fancy I roam,
Tho' the wild waves are bearing me
Far on the foam;

Still fond fancy restores me
Each spot that I love,
And the dear one adores me
All others above!

I revisit the stream
Where our fond vows were plighted;
And, in absence, I dream
Of the dear smiles they lighted!

Like the night-rolling billow,
Small rest shall I find,
Till I rest on that pillow,
The dear breast I resign!

Then shall other arms press me?
Shall other lips bless?—
They only shall bless me
I long now to press!

Haste, Time, and restore me
Each green spot I love.
And the dear one adores me
All others above!

Meantime, as I ponder,
'Tis on Erin I pore:
And the next time I wander
'T will be on her shore!

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

THE SHAMROCK FOREVER!

When cups are full and flowing,
And hearts are hard no more,
The draught that sets them glowing
It comes from Erin's shore:—
Then *the shamrock forever!*

And when beauty's eyes are beaming
With light unusual here,
Devotion asks her, kneeling,
If he the source might hear?

When, with looks from Heaven streaming,
The beauty smiles to tell,
The secret so revealing,
On Erin first it fell! —
Then *the shamrock forever!*

And when wit around is flashing,
And Ignorance implores
Whence come the bright drops dashing,
The wit admits the source!—

If Danger asks a hero,
Or Pity seeks a tear,
For glory or for sorrow,
All hands would point them there!—
Then *the shamrock forever!*

Then live the proud leaf ever,
And glory to the green!
And cursed that tongue forever
That shouts not, when they're seen,
The shamrock—green—forever!

EX BARBARIA

IRELAND FOR IRISHMEN

The bough has it's blossom,
The ocean it's gem,
But each Irish bosom
Says Erin for them!
Ireland for Irishmen—Erin go bragh!

There the false are the fewest—
Up, up with the wine!—
But the breasts that are truest
They will echo with mine,
Ireland for Irishmen—Erin go bragh!

For danger, we spurn it!
For honor we shun,
Save we gain it or earn it
With each Irish son!—
Then Ireland for Irishmen—Erin go bragh!

The love of his lady
May he sigh for in vain,
Who stands not now ready
Or to die or to gain
Ireland for Irishmen—Erin go bragh!

The wealth he is seeking
May he find as a slave,
Who thrills not at speaking
The proud toast that we gave:—
Ireland for Irishmen—Erin go bragh!

Then up with the cup!
While we live let us cry,
We may lose, but give up—
We will not till we die!—
Ireland for Irishmen—Erin go bragh!

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

KILLARNEY

O, yes, there're waters elsewhere are as blue,
And the're skies are as clear as the skies we view here;
Yet Earth, after all, has no spot that's so fair;
All I say is bare truth, and the reason's quite clear:
"What the angels make Heaven such the lassies make you!"
Fair Killarney, I said, with thy lassies in view.

What that Heaven would be with the angels away,
Were Killarney without a fair colleen to say:
*"Welcome, stranger, repose from thy journeys at last,
'Tis the harbor of love, where thy anchor is cast;
And the music you hear 'tis no siren that sings,
But up from the true heart of Erin it springs;
And yon Moon, that you see looking down from the skies,
It is beaming on you with its blue Irish eyes;
And yon star, that you see hastening out of the west,
It is hastening to tell you are here to the rest!
Other voices may hail you, other tongues bid adieu,
But all Erin will weep when she bids it to you!—
Bid your sorrows be gone, and your bliss and ease take!"*

'Twas thus sang a colleen, as we oared o'er the lake;
And I welcomed the hour, and forgot all my care—
Small wonder I found that Killarney was fair!

Bright Isles and bright waters! I have seen you at last,
And all praise to the day, tho' that day is now past;
Still, as long as survives in my memory a page,
I will turn it and thrill, tho', I tremble with age;
And I'll smile, as I scan what I saw but to-day,
Till this hand it is still and this heart it is clay!

EX BARBARIA

O you green Isles of Erin, fare you well and adieu!
And, you budding colleens 'twixt the green and the blue!
With an age for embraces, I would wander no more,
But kiss on, and love on, and die on this shore!

But stern Fortune forbids it, and bids me haste on;
Yet how can I take the last look and be gone?—

Too fond for the heart, and too fair for the eyes,
Adieu to Killarney, bright lakes and bright skies!

THE IRISH

Now the Irish are a people I'll describe by what they're not:
They are not French or Germans, English, Welsh, or Dutch or Scot;
They are not angels either, are the sons o' the old sod:
And now I'll tell you what they are— they're *Irish*, yes, by God!

Just *Irish*, plain *Irish*—that's good enough to be,
And he's a real good Irishman he seems a king to me!—

O Irish hearts! true Irish hearts!

You're the only ones, I swear,
Without those arts, those cruel arts
That cruel others share!

And who has ever passed by one
But felt the sunshine there?
And who has ever asked of one
In vain for alms or tear?

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

O Irish hearts ! true Irish hearts !
Like God's own you must be ;
For other hearts, all other hearts,
Seem otherwise to me !

O, Earth, thou hast a brighter sky, and a better Earth thou art,
For the twinkle of an Irish eye, and the beat of an Irish heart !

Time to pass the day with you,
Time to give a blow ;
Time to have their say with you,
Tell you all they know ;

Want 'o ask a question ?
Want 'o raise a row ?
Want a heart to test yours on ?—
Ask where Pat is now !

*Pat, that's always ready
For a thug or for a lady:
Toss it off!—
Here's to Pat, that's always ready,
With the stuff!*

And you'll find him here and there about the world 'neath every star,
A real one or a tin one,
There is no difference in them,
For alike all Irish are :

All alike, all alike, under king or khan,
And you find a fellow will not fight he's no true Irish man—
The Census-taker wouldn't write "from Ireland" if he ran !
(He'd shake his head, and observate, "They're not made on that
[plan !—

I really can't decide the case, but this much I will state.
I'll bet *your* name's not Bridget, ma'm, nor honest Irish Kate!"—

EX BARBARIA

O better meet a bull-dog than an irate Irish wife,
If you have run away, unless—it was to save her life!—
“I had to run, dear Kate: I ran because of love for thee!”
Might prove *your* then salvation, but it wouldn’t do for *me*:—
I’ll take no chances of that sort with Katherine O’Shea!—
(She’d just as well be a widow in the ordinary way.)

And you’ll find him on the level,
Tho’ you find him down and out;
For he may look like the Devil,
But his guardian angel’s stout;
And his mother’s prayers are never far from any Irish lad.
And her tears will wash the blots away, as fast as they are had!

Then, old Ireland! old Ireland!
You can’t be very bad,
When you’re on the beat
In every street,
With a stout stick in your hand;
And it’s you must keep ’em on their feet,
In every wicked land!

Then here’s old Ireland, old Ireland!
With a geod stick in her hand,
Parading every other street,
In every other land!

THE HEART OF OLD ERIN

Then toast the girls o' Ireland, that mother Irish men!
And toast the lads, in turn, that they may toast the girls again!—
O lassies o' old Ireland, earth hath nowhere your like,
Unless it be you've crossed the sea, to please yourself or Mike!—
Then, please you, *here's* the lad that goes wherever seas have
[ships!
And *here's* the lass that stays, or goes, with constant heart and lips!

Then old Ireland, old Ireland!—God loves an Irish man,
And Heaven's only Ireland on a more extensive plan!—
(St. Peter asks no questions, if your name is "O" or "—an"!)
At least 'tis our opinion, and we'll voice it while we can,
That old Ireland beats 'em all to boot from Beersheba to Dan!
And, really, I do pity him, be it girl or lad,
Who can't "get up his Irish" when he's feeling mad or glad:—
(I imagine being plain English must be bad!)

O my Irish! for my Irish I do daily Heaven thank,
And I wouldn't swop my Irish for what's in Threadneedle Bank!
For I have it all, and more, whene'er I hear a fellow say,
"I believe that you are Irish," in that dear old Irish way;
"And *a little* wouldn't hurt you, and I think I know the *place!*"—
And then—and then—no matter then, we'll be wise another day:
And that's what I call I r i s h!—Don't it pay, in any case?



EX BARBARIA

HERE'S IRELAND!

Here's *Ireland!* here's *our land!*
Tho' distant far we be,
Yet, in one thought, our hearts rush out
To her across the sea!

Then lift your hats to Ireland!
And give her *three-times-three!*
For while there's green in Ireland,
That leaf shall deck the free!

For Irish hearts are *strong* hearts,
And Irish hands are *true*;
And, while she has one *wrong*, hearts
And hands will *see her through!*

Then lift your cups, good Irishmen,
Who dare avouch the green!
And swear, while breathes one Irishman
To wield a blade that's keen.

That *our land—old Ireland!*
Shall never bow the knee
To other land—our mother land!
But we will see her free!

Our green home, our *dean* home,
Our home across the sea!—
Tho' few hearts, yet true hearts,
Our Country, *here's* to thee!—

To *our land! old Ireland!*
And give her *three-times-three!*

Miscellanea

ENVY

KNOWLEDGE is a burden,
Than ignorance far worse;
And you can take my word on
It, genius is a curse!

I envy yon clod-hopper,
That's sprawling in the sun,
In attitude improper,
Has never heard of one!

Then tell 'me not of glory,
Of fame—God help the famous!
I envy, free from worry,
Your shame-proof ignoramus!

THE JEST

The gods, grown weary of all law,
Threw out the jest America!
Yet some still take it seriously—
Such as no jest could ever see:
I laugh at them and they at me—
So both are pleased, or pleased should be.
Long live the jest Democracy!
It makes me laugh, and so I say,
Laugh on, you fools, who for it pay:
It's damn'd good sport to see you laughing,
Considering the trouble you are having.

EX BARBARIA

ON NOSES

Judge a woman by her hips,
Judge the Deity by the rose,
Judge a carpenter by his chips,
But a great man by his nose!

The eye and ear are good, but never
To be compared with a nose ever:
There is the key doth all disclose,—
No man can hide behind his nose.

Napoleon said, and I say too;
Try it, and you'll find it true:
When you'd read one through and through,
In his nose there lies the clue.

Give me a fellow with a smeller
That's extensive full and fine,
In a palace or a cellar,
He's a wonder in his line!

MISCELLANEA

ON FINDING A BOX THE WORST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

How often do we for that wish,
Which, found, proves for the worse;
And bait our hook and for it fish,
To find it all a curse.

So I supposed those in a box
The happiest souls around;
But now I find 'tis all—O pox!
All in the gilt and sound.

Then, Fortune, give me sense enough
In future things to choose,
Not as they do appear far off,
But as they'll prove in use.

THE OLD ROUÉ

He wrote of the roses and lilies,
Although he was seventy-four!
What Bernhardt is to the Willies
Was he to the queen or the whore;
For each was a Cleo or Phyllis,
Although he was seventy-four!

But now he lies under the willow,
Yet a health to the old roué!—
There never was a better fellow,
In his own particular way;
Then soft be his featherless pillow,
And a health to the old roué!

EX BARBARIA

ON THE "STARS"

'Tis strange these "stars" that, *singly*, shine
And give so fierce and brave a lustre,
United, Hymen, tho' divine,
To get a blink must use his duster!

O marriage is a *consolation*,
Which is very well by day, I see;
But, "stars," being of a lesser station,
If they would blaze, must keep away!

THE MARVEL

He wore her shirts, to prove his faith,
Altho' they fit him rather badly:
The socks she knit him gave his "death,"
Until, in fact, he pined quite sadly;

Yet, bowing still, he vowed persistence—
'Tis strange what mortals will endure!
When, fooled by absence or by distance,
They think to have or to secure.

One morning—(this is quite unusual)—
She asked him, smiling, would he do her
A favor, which would quite amuse you all:—
In short, be such a fool as you are.

With customary grace he did it,
And, smiling, she thanked him sincerely—
"Thanked him" for what?—you fool, you've said it!—
Some will imagine, others nearly.

MISCELLANEA

THE PREFERENCE

Come laurels gather 'round these brows,
Altho' you bring on snow;
A spouse can sweep out heart and house,
And with the trash we'll go.

The marble's better than our clothes,
A Rubens than our skin;
And death will never more disclose
The Ignorance within!

How much then I'd prefer to be,
Embraced by Fame and she by me—
The masterpiece of a museum
That Time alone can change or dim;

Where in our best we still should shine,
And none declare it "old":
Tho' Paris alters by a line,
Death vaunts a marble fold;

And Paris may dislike or not,
By death we have past Paris got!

Thus, thus, to be in fashion still,
Without the pains of change:
'Till all at last adopt our frill,
By our hair their's rearrange!

Relieved of all that life had cost,
The cost of death were small,
When to all else besides we are lost,
Except the praise of all:

Then welcome death, so fame come too,
And for real *life* a good *review*!

EX BARBARIA

THE BONNIEST BARK ON THE OCEAN

Once the bonniest bark on the ocean
Had Love for the captain of it;
And smiles were the crew, all devotion,
And the officers, mirth, laughter and wit.

The compass, of course, a fresh heart is,
While the sails are all spider-web spun;
And the will of the master the chart is—
But the mistress had one of her own!

For some days, while still fair was the weather,
All ran very well; and we ran,
Fairly sailing and singing together;—
Then a cloud, and the mischief began.

Now the “log” of that boat I have by me,
Preserved from the wreck—(that is all);
And, now, I advise ye, don’t try the
Little Captain of Love in a squall!

MISCELLANEA

THE FEAST TO HONOR

Glory let me in one day,
 To the feast prepared for Honor:
Honor smiled his usual way,
 Glory wore her best upon her;

All the Hours attending were,
 Wine and wit were freely flowing;
Love sat sparkling in her sphere,
 With unusual beauty glowing.—

Long the revel: Night came on,
 All her stars diminished with her,
Cheap by the comparison
 With the ones that shone beneath her;

Time to shivers threw his glass,
 Death on high his scythe suspended!—
Such the Feast to Honor was,
 Glory gave, and Truth commended.

EX BARBARIA

A TOAST: "THE DEPARTED"

When hearts are high and throbbing,
And cups are full and free,
What is the thought comes bobbing,
Like cork upon the sea?

'Tis of fond friends bereft us,
Of dear hearts, leal and true.—
Then, while the memory's left us,
The toast we will renew:

No drop of Lethe ever
Be found within the cup.
We lift this side the river
To those once raised it up!

Thus, when fond Memory's lifted
The veil between us drawn,
Who knows but it has drifted
To them some thought we own?

Then let that thought be ever,
No drop within the cup
Of that forgetful River.
To which we gave them up!

MISCELLANEA

THE GAME

Perfection we in vain pursue,
All in a blindman's game;
For what the hood-winked boobies do,
In life 'tis the very same.

The game's but on a grander scale,
More costly the rags we use,
A fiercer frenzy doth prevail,
A wilder mob let loose;

But nonsense all: for love is blind;
That care is all a curse;
That when we have her, oft we find,
We've caught her for the worse!

Then care I leave, and take what falls,
'Tis all but a game of chance;
And the maddest imp is he that calls,
The figures in Life's dance.

THE SEX EXPOSED

From head to foot, how little goes
To make a woman, woman knows;
And, take your beauty but to pieces,
She shrinks, astonishment increases!

A pin, once out or in its place,
Can wake delight or spread disgrace;
Who knows the weight is often put on
A single button-hole or button?
While that same flourish breaks a heart,
Is oft a flourish of mere art;

EX BARBARIA

While half life's happiness and honor
Are rags well wrapt about the owner.

There was one honest woman—Eve;
Since her there's none but will deceive:
They'll patch a fault and hide the yellow,
And kick off Honor to gain the fellow;
Pretend to graces not their own;
Yes, seek out ways uncouth, unknown,
By hot-house methods pluck a bloom
'Twixt ten and three score, and the tomb;
Affix a smile and point a twinkle,
Inflame a blush and rout a wrinkle;
And, to conclude how much they'll dare,
Will wear another woman's hair!

ON ABSENCE

'Tis absence "lends enchantment to the view,"
And robes the husband in a smick-smack hue;
Absence doth make the crooked wife seem straight,
And her tin virtues burnish into plate;
Absent in sleep wracked spirits rest awhile,
And even murderers in sleep may smile;
'Tis absence gilds fantastic Hope's thin cheat,
And makes, what 'tis not, happiness seem sweet;
Absence endows to-morrow with its charms,
Smooths the rough billow and the Arctic warms;
Forgetful absence drowns the horrid past,
And absent-minded Saints are saved at last:—
Heaven's but absence from the world we know,
And absence thence is, Gods knows what, below!

MISCELLANEA

THE LOTS

Thro' the cold regions of the upper sky
Creation's rain and snow in embryo fly;
Chance rides the blast, distinction there is none,
Earth views a comet or beholds a stone!

Let clap two kisses, and thro' night let drop
A crystal dandy and a splashing Pope:
To one Good-Fortune in a leg makes up.
Beams o'er the brat and holds his caudle cup;
At every step bows with him on thro' life,
'Till one more perfect fool hath found his wife;
Lo! like the tears big in the morning rose,
Round t'other see the Muses sadly close!
The stupid father stares, and says "Did I * * *—
Some honest neighbor pulls him from reply;
The frantic mother would fly if she could,
Yes, venture any sea but that of blood:—
Art, pitying stands one moment, to it runs,
And makes a poet, where Form made a dunce!

IMPROMPTU TO MESDAMES LUTFY AND RIZCALLAH

The gallant thing I did endeavor,
With witty Lutfy, fair Rizcallah:
And they've returned me my umbrella,
But not my heart—that's gone forever!

But then, *Elhmed Llallah!*
Somehow the sex will always cheat us;
Yet, while with such sweet looks they greet us,
Go, go, my heart or my umbrella!

EX BARBARIA

ON THE HAIRS COMING OUT ON HIM IN AGE

Behold his pikes are here!
Behold them in each ear,
And in each bristling brow,
I see them lengthening now:—
These, these, his pickets are,
Their master can't be far.

Soon, soon the heart will fall
A captive to him, all
The rest will followers be—
And then "good-night" to me!

The head awhile will shake,
And old for new wit take;
Will babble this and that,
Scum of the belly's fat;
And then at last how still—
A clod on Death's door-sill!

Behold his pikes are here!
Behold them in each ear;
Anon the captain see,
Took Caesar and takes me!—

But let him come, who cares?—
'Tis but the last of many aggravating hairs!

MISCELLANEA

TO A MAID OF SIXTEEN

Ah! that old Time so cruelly
Should separate us by mere time;
That you can only long and sigh,
And I can but respond in rhyme!

Ah! had our Fates been better, kinder,
How different then had been our fate!—
Yet keep these lines, as a reminder,
In future, *never to be late!*

“THE UNKNOWN”

To the girl I have never yet met,
In the place I have never yet found!
My lips with the wine I will wet,
And these thoughts while the cup goes around:—

That all faces and places are such,
That they bore us, too often beheld;
A glimpse it may please, or a touch,
Yes, a pleasure surprising may yield;

But continue to longer observe,
And surely the end, it is this:
That a theme for disgust it will serve,
Once served for the basis of bliss.

That, after it all, I decide,
That the only real “toast” worth the name
Is the girl that continues to hide
In a spot that is hidden from fame:

EX BARBARIA

In a desert, that nobody knows,
In a cavern, secluded and lone,
To bloom in the one like the rose,
To sparkle in the other unknown!
Then hurrah! for the beauty unkissed,
For the queen that never was crowned!
Double up to the one I have missed,
And that nobody else ever found!

ON GOOD-NATURE

Good-nature is no more than sense
Sufficient for each circumstance:
To be enraged 's but to avow
Your cause is desperate grown, or you,
An army, taken by surprise,
Rush to the cheeks and from the eyes,
And, hurrying, scurrying, here and there,
Announce incompetence somewhere.
Success is echoed in our smiles,
As sweat proclaims the varlet toils:
Enough of power, enough of wit,
We're always pleased, and always fit.

TO * * *.—A HINT

There is some difference, you'll admit,
'Twixt *Byrom* and *Byron*,
Though but a letter: but a bit
'Twixt *Adam* and *Adon*;
A single drop 'twixt eyes have wept
And those as yet have not;
But *seas* between a promise kept
And one that is forgot!

MISCELLANEA

ON WATAUA: ELECTION EVE

Laughter and smiles while they last!
And a deep cup full to the brim!
And consideration cast
To the dogs—we can “look to the limb”!

Come, Turner, touch up for the dance:
Old Jess grows mellow and smiles,
And the Groom girl’s now on the prance,
That could *cow-hunt* a hundred miles!

Sheep’s legs, and the like, while they last;
Bob Roan, he is going to win!
And Hughey’s going to cast,
His fiftieth ballot in!

Then laughter and smiles, while they last!
And a fig for the rogues and their Sim;
And consideration cast
To the dogs—we can “look to the Limb”!

THE MAN THAT WAS GAME

All we knew was, he tended her—
(Must have been a fool!)
Only that he fondly befriended her,
When all others grew cool.

All we guessed was, he loved her,
Stricken and leperous withal:—
Somewhere he must have proved her,
Gave his all at her call.

EX BARBARIA

ON BOSTON'S REFUSING THE MACMONIES "BACCHANTE"

To Hell with similes!

She dances like a woman

That never saw those cackling geese

That slop thro' Boston Common!

A naked truth doth make 'em blush,

A tailored lie would please 'em;

But glorious Art, with Rubens' brush,

Wipes out all criticism!

Then lift it, fellows, to the lass,

Is not ashamed to've done it!

And the slops in her face, would hang an ——,

Would do, and then disown it!

JUSTICE UNEQUAL

When I was robbed, you shouted,

"Arrest the rogue that took it!"—

The Judge looked wise about it,

Then straightened out the "crooked";

But, when my heart was stolen,

And I looked sour and sad,

The Judge smiled on the felon,

And said it was "too bad"!

Then sentenced me, who lost it,

To service for my life,

While "thirty days" were posted

'Gainst him who took my—knife!

Is this not then strange justice,—

Say, honest folks can feel,—

When he must pay, who *lost* his

Goods, more than he, did *steal*?

MISCELLANEA

CONGREVE'S CLOE

Tell me no more I am deceived,
That Cloe's false and common;
By Heaven, I all along believed
She was a very woman.

When we last met, I think I got it;
I know not what since then has chanced—
Since I ate apples, some have rotted,
And yet I but that good one taste.

Then here's to Cloe!—Cloe true,
Or falsest she heaven under;
Since, let her be this or that to you,
Obliging once we found her!

E X B A R B A R I A

TO HIS MISTRESS' BUTTONS

Ye forty hundred gates, that bar
 My progress to the courts of love,
More stout than Heaven-built Troy's were,
 Since these true tears can never move!
 Whence only rides some Odor out,
 Or hot-head Sigh, to make a scout:

Achilles could from ship explore
 The very bed where Paris lay;
But ye do force e'en eyes give o'er,
 That hands alone must tug their way:
 Amphion's lute could build up Thebes,
 Not Joshua's ram's-horn loosens these!

Come, I will gild you all—have done!—
 Each silken porter shall new thrive;—
Gold is the key finds all locks one:—
 Then ope, break ope!—'tis vain to strive:
 The very gods do Heaven unlatch,
 To let in him will fee the watch!

MISCELLANEA

ON A KISS

*"The Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
Purple to the violet, blushes to the rose,
Did never yield an odor sweet as this."*

—HABINGTON.

Murders and great cares have been
Still the portals let men in
To a throne: here blood approaches,
But to bear a torch, not such as
Comes to frighten, but to woo
And a clearer path to show;
That 'tis innocent, a child
On its dangers oft hath smiled;
That there are no cares await
Entrance here without the gate,
I am ready to "kiss the Book,"
Kisses are as light as smoke;
That 'tis pleasant, that 'tis more
Than devils miss than saints secure,
Oft the gods have left the skies
But to taste what in one lies;
That 'tis warm, it can thaw age
Trembling on the giddy edge;
That 'tis wise, the wisest man
Proved his wisdom by this plan;
That 'tis rich, a world it shared,
And, having lost it, nothing cared;
That 'tis good the Apostles sent 'em,
When, giving distance did prevent 'em;
That 'tis honest, prudes have done it,
And only feared no one had known it:—

EX BARBARIA

That 'tis all this and more than such,
Conviction comes upon the touch.

Then let's try if we can find
All that's to a kiss assigned!

If we do not find much more,
I have never kissed before.

THE MANNERS OF THE GODS

"Leave this kissing!" Juno said
To the King of Heaven and Earth;
"I do weary of thy bed:
Come, let's rise to deeds of worth!"

But replied the god, full wroth,
"Is not kissing a god's good?—
Fie! upon such watery blood—
Women ever are full loth!"

Straight she turned her from him then;
Cried out Jove, "I will not bear it!"
"Neither I!" replied the queen,
Wroth, that all the gods did hear it.

When enthroned, his eagle set
On his left, the queen attended,
Any god, in smiles, would bet
Any goddess how it ended.

Why they did—the gods above!
I no more of it than you know;
But she looked so much like Jove,
And he looked so much like Juno!

MISCELLANEA

THE INVINCIBLE VIRGIN

Oh ! how can snow fall in tropic climes ?
And yet those realms are icy cold,
Where by the season only times
Love's gaudy blooms should now unfold.

Alas ! some snowy raven here
Hath tossed the winter from his back,
And left that valley, else all fair,
A wilderness, all life doth lack.

A kiss, we knew, upon her lips
Had fallen like bud upon the pole ;
We never hoped to steer with ships
Up thighs where the Antarctics roll ;

But in love's very centre, there
We hoped at least a coast uniced :—
Alack ! fond hope——her very hair
Proved icicles to him enticed !

EX BARBARIA

THE CONSTANT ARE THE KIND

She was battered and I busted,
Small wonder when we met,
We smiled, and then we trusted—
Naught risk and nothing get.

She knew she was getting little,
I less, or so I guessed:—
(All other bonds are brittle
Compared with interest!)

A couple more devoted
You'll scarcely ever find;
For be it ever noted,
The constant are the kind!

THE CONQUEROR

When Glory called me, smiled I then,
For Love held me enraptured;
And Love smiled back at me again,
Perceiving I was captured!

And Love sang on, and Glory went
On his stern way regretting;
And still to Love an ear I lent,
That Glory called forgetting.

And Honor came, and in his look
I read how bright is Honor;
One glance alone at Love I took,
Then only gazed upon her!

M I S C E L L A N E A

Truth next her lamp before me held,
Hath led the sage, and rightly;
But Love's bright eye that fair beam quelled,
And Truth passed out less brightly!

Next Sorrow came, and claimed a tear,
That Joy would pay to-morrow;
But Love sang but more loud and clear,
And downed the voice of Sorrow!

Then Pain came in, and many a Woe:
Love with a bright smile met them;
And whispered, "Heed not, they will go,
If only you forget them!"

At last approached—and Love grew sad,
And up his lute surrendered;
For Death, he neither sued, but bade,
And each allegiance tendered:—

*Yes, Love grew sad, as Death approached,
And up his lute surrendered;
For Death, he neither sued, but bade,
And each allegiance tendered!*

ON WOMAN

Here's to her—woman!—with the best fill each cup—
To the sphinx that tells nothing by speaking;
Who gives us the world, but will never give up,
Ever hiding that man may keep seeking!

Up! up! with your cups: from her toes to her lips,
What on earth can you find that can match her?—
To our Eve, who never can "fall," tho' she "slips";
And that slips, that poor Adam may catch her!

EX BARBARIA

THE EXCUSE

'Twas in my younger days, and silly,
Ere I'd grown grizzled, wise and chilly,
Took heavier views and heavier dress—
When heart held more and head held less;
Before I knew to do, or think, ill,
Or 'd found, or learned, a single wrinkle;
In short was what the angel seems,
And lean, unbreakfasted, save dreams—
Like to first white rose to bud,
Full of dews and solitude!

Alack! the changes come upon us—
Those early days would now disown us!
Improved, of course, we like to think;
But not to let the subject sink.

Arrives the season, comes the time;
When I should show how I could rhyme,
Make gape the neighbors with a simile,
And fetch in gods before the family;
Blow up the bubble reputation,
And, while it floats, enjoy dilation!

But on her shoulder—her husband swore it—
It was a big one—she couldn't endure it!

There remarching on like "Christian Soldier,"—
(Come, never say 'twas I that told you!)
Somewhere or other he found it on her,
All ignorance of harm he'd done her;
Surviving sweat, surviving camphor,
Too shocked to stand, too full to scamper!

You may suppose, nor be mistaken,

MISCELLANEA

I'd noticed, and so been back-taken ;
And took my breakfast with proviso
I'd no more struggle, no more try so
To make the Muse's voice sing high
In ears stuffed with mortality ;
While many another vow was made,
'Twixt butter and co-witness bread ;
While every time I raised up fork
It had five prongs—one of remark.

I'd noticed a nervous twitching in her,
But hoped in time with rhymes to win her ;
Yet had my doubts about the weather,
That in her brows now seemed to gather ;
And thought she had, with some small foresight,
Provided 'gainst what seemed an o'ersight ;
And called her soul a sorry creature—
There written clearly in each feature !

She crossed her legs—I thought it vulgar ;
But now know that she might indulge her ;
(And yet she was not unimpulsive,
Just only out of time convulsive !)

Yet God be thanked, there's something cheery
In every case where we miscarry ;
No matter how so bad it be,
There's help in each extremity ;
What e'er befalls poor mortal man.

So God be thanked she had a fan ;
Nor wing of bird, or feathery web,
E'er flapped about an Adam's rib
As did this fan : and this cooled her
Cheek, and also helped her shoulder ;

EX BARBARIA

Endurance, thus became endurable,
As, always 'twill, the less that you rebel.

She coughed, she breathed a little freely,
And then she looked a little silly;
Then smiles again, looks red yet kindly,
And halfway listens; then, most resign'dly,
She raised the lace upon her neck,
Who might have raised the house as quick!
Rebellion wanted but a leader.

And blazing Rome might not exceed her.
Gods, let this then somewhat avail,
Should e'er her sins down sink the scale;
Recount your worthies, and you'll see,
No one more faithful was than she.

But there's one last straw, said, you know,
Will make the tallest camel bow;
The best of flesh that ever was
Must own there is some crucial case,
When reason everything we prize,
Is worthless to our maddened eyes,
Save that sweet peace that we would gain,
The ease we seek yet seek in vain?

O give us freedom from the wish,
To pass the bounds where manners blush!
Forfend us from that mean occasion,
That asks for comfort not for reason!

She took a hairpin from her hair
As I appealed to Jupiter:
And made a use of it, which I
Thought rather prosy for poetry;
But then it was her last resort—

MISCELLANEA

Alas! it proved an inch too short!

Yet never man or woman can
One cubit add unto his span:
Do what he can for all his soul,
He cannot reach beyond his tool!
'Tis an old Biblical truth averred,
And of much credence 'mongst the herd,
We cannot stretch a single pin,
To get it out or get it in!

Tantalus tongue is all too short
To reach the water by him poured;
Dido's hand cannot pluck back
Aeneas seaward borne with "Jack";
Fair Ariadne lacked the power
To reach her love in such an hour;
Poor Nero's fingers could not reach
The diadem or sceptre snatch,
To beat out brains in emperor fashion,
But, all bareheaded, must end his passion!
That Chance must close with that that's by him,
Like poets sometimes with a rhyme.

Yet, that's the excess of martyrdom
O'er burning limbs a tongue that's dumb!
Ten times as well they may express, too,
Of courage whose skin's of thin tissue.

But never fruit of Eden smelling,
And reddening like mosquito swelling,
Or lizzard's throat extended glowing,
Or rose-bud flushing or pale growing,
E'er was so tender, soft, or red as,
Or 'd less resistance than the lady's!

E X B A R B A R I A

In truth just such a place it was
As Heaven, which some say is no place:
Imagination there might lie
And scarcely touch reality!

And, tho you think I am exceeding,
'Tis all because you're only reading,
Without the acquaintance real and visible
Of such a creature then so miserable—
O rhymes are all of merit too weak,
To sing the lady then did so ache!

Bit finger slightly, where ring bound it,
Then twice or thrice turned ring around it;
Some envy showed of others quiet,
Then quietly seemed to defy it—
(A very dwarf will sometimes do
What had balked giants to go thro')—
When Hercules his skin had cast,
She only gathered in her waist!
Sighs, shakes her head, and fans a little,
And hides her fox and proves her mettle!

Whereby one bard was taught a lesson,
Remembered still, and with good reason.—

Since which I never try to show
How well I write, how much I know.
So pray permit the above to excuse,
When, what you ask, I must refuse.

MISCELLANEA

"VANITY": BY INEZ CASSEAU

A girl leans over a mirror,
A peacock over a pool:
The one is a maiden in error,
The other a fowl that's a fool.

Yet 't is Art, can depict so compactly,
And the artist, another girl quite, of course;
But I were that peacock exactly,
Once blessed with a smile from that source.

GLASSES REVERSED

The rose has its thorn,
The sun has spots;
And beauty, that is born
Today, tomorrow rots:—
Turn 'em down,
All at once!

The sun will shine tomorrow,
The rose the thorn-bush bears;
And joy follows sorrow,
And smiles succeed tears:—
Turn 'em up,
And fill your cups!

EX BARBARIA

TOAST: "CAN AND CAN'T"

The Colonel said he could,
His friends they swore he couldn't;
The widow said she would,
And then the Colonel wouldn't!

O widow, you're a *corker*,
O Colonel, you're a talker—
And a bluff—
Toss it off!

AN OLD SLOUCH HAT

I should have been the king of Spain!
But, since I am not that,
A kingdom I will yet maintain,
Beneath an old slouch hat!

An old slouch hat!
An old slouch hat!
What's better, friends, than that?

It tents my brows from a' the snows,
It shields my bareness from my foes—
It hides beneath—God only knows!—
My old slouch hat!

And there are views that I yet hold
Of government and of things—
Views I yet cherish, tho' untold,
Of lesser men and kings:

M I S C E L L A N E A

Who can deny, who dares assail,
The views I there maintain?
To the King, himself, I would not vail—
The usurping king of Spain!

The thoughts I have are mine alone,
Of this man and of that;
What I surmise is still unknown,
Save to my old slouch hat!

When Beauty frowns, when Fortune flies,
What have I left in lieu?—
My comfort then in nothing lies,
But, my old hat, in you!

Then come what will,
Here's to it still—
My old slouch hat!

And buried then,
I've "buried" been
In it, for years, for that!

And, when at rest,
Give some their best—
Give me my old slouch hat!

EX BARBARIA

AN OLD-TIMER'S TOAST

She brought me no lands, so God willed it,
 She brought me no sons to my hearth;
But the light of her smile it hath gilded
 Every cloud o'er my path on this earth!

There are maids of a port far more regal,
 There are brows that the laurel more loves;
But her faith it was strong like the eagle,
 And her voice it was soft like the dove's!

If I strayed, it was she that first sought me,
 And, returning, the first one to greet;
If I sorrowed, no sorrow she brought me,
 If I smiled, her's I failed not to meet!

Then *here's* to her that is mine and mine only,
 That a world could not buy from my arms!
Without her, even Heaven were lonely,
 In her presence, even Hell had some charms!

Then I lift to the woman God gave me!
 And, God willing, I shall keep to the end;
If I stumbled, I'd trust her to save me,
 Where I sleep, if awake, she will tend!

MISCELLANEA

A TOAST: "HONOR AND BEAUTY"

Say Honor's but a name,
 It surely's a rare one;
Say Beauty's but fame,
 It surely's a fair one!—
For the one all distresses
 How gladly we dare them!
To the other our glasses
 How quickly we rear them.—
Then to "Honor and Beauty"!
The toast is a duty;
Then up with your cups, and cheer as you clear them!

They say that there's naught
 In the one but the painting;
That the other's oft bought
 For a song or a feinting;
But we will not believe it,
 When the dart has just found us;
But as truth will receive it,
 The dear fancy hath bound us,
To do or to die,
We question not why,
In the light of the eyes that are beaming around us!

Then, be it name or reality,
Of this or that quality,
While but Beauty shall ask it, or Honor require,
Our hearts, as our glasses,
Go up to the lasses,
And either may break them as she may desire!

EX BARBARIA

“To Honor and Beauty”!
The toast is a duty:
We’re lifting ourselves as we lift them up higher!

Now another, and all
Sit them down at the call:
To the fellow, can either forego or retire,
With Beauty alluring,
Or Honor enduring—
Double-damn the poor caitiff—throw the stuff in the fire!

THE VOYAGE

O how fair when the rosy young god, all in smiles,
Trims our sails for some dear blessed island of rest;
But how sad, when we’ve knocked off some dozens of miles.
To discover he knows but little of his business at best:

That in getting from port he’s quite skillful enough,
And relating fine stories of what we shall find;
But is ignorance itself when the water grows rough,
And whines for the lack of some gear left behind.

Thus many a full silly crew goes out to ocean,
And, entering real water as they pass o’er the bar,
They find that the master has not the least notion
Of what might be expected of any good tar.

Then we curse Love, the captain, he flies from his post;
And the end, to end all, is, in short, we are lost!—
Then farewell to affection! she may sigh but I’ll slip her,
’Till I’ve read in some license that Love is a “skipper”!

MISCELLANEA

A TOAST TO "THE PRESENT"

Here's to the present!—what's to come
I know not, but this I assume,
There's not the snapping of my thumb
'Twixt Hell and Heaven, seen from the tomb!—

Red-Lips, pour me out the wine,
Claims on Heaven I here resign!—

What would we in Heaven do?—
I can't imagine, nor can you.
Take your thrones in Kingdom-Come,
With split-bottoms I'm at home!
Drink your nectar, I'll agree—
Water in a gourd for me!—

Then *here's* old Earth!—quite good enough
For plain old Nature's home-spun stuff!—
Not always what we could wish,
But beats the "two birds in the bush"!

TRUE VALOR

In love and war too much of courage
Oft needless meets with a miscarriage;
While he, can bow him just a little,
Will oft find Fortune of like mettle;
While he past master is in folly,
Would conquer, or be conquered wholly:
The middle part of victory is,
Ofttimes, the best, as 't is with pies;
While crusty comes the top and bottom,
Nor seeming much to those have got 'em.

EX BARBARIA

Be not too nice, oft without glove,
Success is caught in war and love!

Contention, like a shirt, has two
Contrary sides, a wrong and true:
Politeness may in quarrel oft
Put off the rough, assume the soft;
While he, who fights with wit, his hands
Oft saves; as oft not once offends:—
Marcellus and old Fabius mixed,
In war and love be still the text.

A GRACE, NAPKINS IN HAND

These flags, now furled, must soon out-fly
And lead us through the breach,
Of pasties, pies, and walls fowl high,
And champagnes fair and rich!

Let who goes first a stout carl be,
Bid Danger fly, or gut her;
On right and left bring down the knee,
And prove him a good cutter!

I'll not be last—I've whet my knife;
Then follow who has mettle!
Who dies today shall find his life;
So seize on your foes—good victual!

MISCELLANEA

ON FINDING CELIA IN THE BATH

No more surprised was the first Spring,
To find the pretty rose,
Or the first bird to find his wing,
Or he first cried, "It snows"!

O another wave was borne again,
A Venus full as fair;
And I, of all the world of men,
Most happy to be here!

Narcissus for a worthless shade
Dived down to muddy death,
And young Leander for a maid,
Less fair, gave up his breath.

But I stand here, a gaping fool—
The heroic age is o'er!
As well be yonder three-legg'd stool,
As wish and dare no more!

But to the end: it were too much
To longer think or see.
When the next thought so high may touch,
It makes a thought of me!

And yet this much I must deplore,
That such should come to dust!
Ah! what a loss unfelt before,
When thou art but a bust!—

EX BARBARIA

A bust, a painting; and yet they,
Beholding, will outcry;
Nor guess what they have missed today,
Now turns me to a sigh.

Take up that towel then, and hide,
Young Phoebe in a cloud!
Peep out again, and I have died
Into a showery god!

O another wave, etc.

ON FAME

The fate of man oft hangs upon
A fortunate comparison:
To look like Glory's true acknowledged,
To've been with Honor's cub Christ-Colleged,
Is to have glory of a sort,
(Tho' some might not care greatly for't),
At least to've had our day in Court.

There's many a dog whose only hope
Of fame was that he barked at Pope:
So, if not a great man, displease one,
And when he waxes you'll not lessen!—
(’T was for this reason I wrote my “Satires,”
And for some other trifling matters.—)

Alas! how much of Honor's feathers
We owe to some kind friend that “gathers”!
And, but wife writes, or painting nephew,
Perhaps the Devil couldn't save you!

MISCELLANEA

'T is said she gives her husband shoes
Judiciously new-shoes his Muse!
And judgment in mementoes given
We know hath wafted names Heaven!

For, as four-feet for sheep's will scurry,
Your two-leg takes the bones of Glory!
And, lugging them from street to street,
They spread the odor of the great!

A stinking skull stinks not in vain;
But Glory's friends are the man's bane:—
Some claim a hair, some take a dish;
While some in death's black waters fish
For this or that sleek, slimy eel,
Will that confirm or this reveal:
Thus some will turn out antiquarians,
And some, just what they are, vulgarians;
Like damn'd Trelawney peeping 'neath
A sheet to spy on helpless death!

He who perplexes critics most,
(Since they esteem things just at cost)
Is likely to be made most of;
The contrary would rather prove
Themselves to be of little worth;
That, when they dig, they'll gold unearth!
That he doth merit some regard,
By writing what to read was hard;
Or wherein fame, or where in shame may lie,
Hath left some questions for his family.

Then he, whose lines no doubts suggest,
Should from these upper worms have rest.

EX BARBARIA

LONELY ROSE.

Once a rose grew on a shutter,
By a window that I knew;
And how fair that rose to utter
I could never, never do;
Yet, in viewing it, I'd mutter
Every time I did it view.

Only rose!
Lonely rose!
Why do you bloom thus alone?

Beautiful rose,
Dutiful rose,
'Tis like my love for one!

O rarest rose!
Thou fairest rose!
Thus bloom on, and prove
Emblem of love,
Trembling like love—
True love!

And I never thought to touch it,
So quite safely there it grew;
For no other hand would pluck it,
Since no other eye did view:
But one morn a wild storm struck it,
And its beauty did undo.—

M I S C E L L A N E A

O my rose!
Low, my rose!
Gladly I'd lie there, too!
Poor *battered* rose!
Sad *shattered* rose,
How like my heart are you!

Lie there, my rose!
Like my heart, rose;
And we will prove,
Tokens of love,
Broken for love,—
True love!

Lonely rose!
Only rose,
That in my dreams I recall:—
When I return
To those days, I discern
Thee blooming there, fair as of old!

O *fairest* rose,
Thou *dearest* rose!
Thy beauty to be can't be told;
And still I thee see,
Lone rose of memory!
The fairest of all—
Yes, of all!

EX BARBARIA

SOMETIME WHEN IT'S RAINY

Often, dear, I've wondered,
When you've passing been,
And it rained and thundered,
"Won't it drive him in?"

Sometime, in bad weather,
And you're passing by,
Soaked and fagged together,
Stop, if but to dry!

Sometime, my door gaining,—
(Ever lonesome been?)
Sometime, when its rainy,
Why don't you come in?

Sometime, when it's rainy,
And you're passing by.
No excuse, or any—
I'll not ask you why?—

Sometime, when you're weary,
And my door you see,
Won't you come in, dearie!
And be a little friendly with me?

M I S C E L L A N E A

“DOWN, DOWN, BY A RIVER”

*“Down, down, by a river,
Where the boughs have no leaves,
Let me weep on forever
That falsehood deceives!”*

Thus sang a fair maiden,
By a dark shore was sitting,
That no sunlight did gladden,
Where no bird was seen flitting.

“All the gold of my youth
I gave to his keeping—
He has kept it in sooth,
And left me lone weeping!

False faith of a lover,
True heart of a maid;
Lest the sun should discover,
I have fled to the shade!

Down, down, by a river,
Where no leaf has the bough,
Let me weep on forever—
But still love him as now!”

As the last note outrang,
In the cold stream she lept:—
Such the song that she sang,
But her secret it kept.

EX BARBARIA

And the cold winds they shriek,
Where those cold waters flow,
But no whisper they speak
Of that maiden below.—

Down, down, by a river,
Where the boughs have no leaves,
Let us weep on forever,
That falsehood deceives!

A THRENODY

I loved but once, but once, and now
I weep for one alone;
But the cold clay is on her brow,
And in my breast a stone!

O alack! and alas! that such should be—
One true, one false in all;
And better in the cold clay she,
Than false I heard it fall!

Aye, better were the grave for me,
Tho' no dawn there appear,
Than to watch the stars set drearily,
Yet never a star like her!

MISCELLANEA

“OLD-AGE TO TIME”

(After Mrs. Townsend)

Ho! scythéd King, with the skeleton hands,
This cup to you I am lifting,
While out of the glass the last few sands
Are silently, ceaselessly drifting;

Ho! warder, that sittest at the gates of life,
And openest the doors of death!
Here's a health to thee, at the end of the strife,
In a mortal's failing breath!

The march I have marched, and the race it is run,
And the fight's rusty weapons I stack;
And close to the embers I lay me down,
Of life's last sad bivouac!

See the thorns on my brow, see the shells in my grasp!
Was't for such that I gave up my all?—
But my trembling fingers one last cup clasp,
And my lips this last toast call:—

Ho! scythéd King, in an empty heart—
For such is the cup that I raise,—
One toast to thee, ere hence I depart—
(And, say, but it's royal praise!)

The golden bowl of my youth, free soul,
I gave to the hands for a sip;
But, returned back to me, it is what you may see—
It soured at thy cynic lip!

EX BARBARIA

Thy rude blade hath scarred all the best of the vine,
The very root of my being hath cleft:—
O thou, who holdest so much that was mine,
I pledge in the little that's left!

Here's to thee, that sittest at life's bright gates,
And openest the dark doors beneath!—
In *an empty heart*, he toasts thee, waits,
For thy conqueror's coming—*Death!*

TO GLORY

Glory! I've left all for thee;
What wilt thou then do for me?
Like a gilded snake crawl on,
Leaving but thy skin alone;
Take my dust, like yonder fly,
Leave me all like flower to die?
Whatsoever thou shalt do,
Enough that I did thee pursue!

Riches I might well have won;
Had I set my heart upon
Place, I might have sat as high
As the highest; had mine eye
Loved a gem as I adore
All thou art, no Jew had more—
But my bargain never rue,
Since I left them all for you!

MISCELLANEA

TACT

She brought the poet out in Jack,
The hero out in Johnny;
She stretched the parson on the rack,
And took the miser's money!

She flirted with the married man;
And made the single seek her;
She waved the youngsters with a fan,
The old ones with the beaker.

And why? because she knew to please,
And none displease would ever:
And, fine-tooth-comb the seven seas,
There's nothing like the clever.

Tact! tact!—there's nothing like this "tact,"
To take us all together:—
Tact?—that's but knowing how to act,
In every sort of weather!

EX BARBARIA

FORTY-ONE

The jewels of my eyes grow dim,
The fires die away;
In fact, there's little left of him,
Was witty once and gay.

The sun, it does not woo me,
The girls, in vain they sue me;
The flower's bloom is lost upon
A man of forty-one!

The books I loved, I loathe them!
No music now can charm;
My limbs, in vain I clothe them—
I never am quite warm!

The wit is dullish ever,
And folly foolish never:—
I'm done, I'm done, I *know* I'm done—
I'm fully forty-one!

I always heard it noted
A royal thing to be,
At forty wise and quoted;
But none o' this for me!

He may be a wise *clam* then,
But no man is worth a *damn*, when
He's—what, in fact, he'll find no fun—
At curséd *forty-one*!

MISCELLANEA

A LITURGY FOR SEVENTY

Glory's days and love's are done!

All that's left me is the past:
Every twilight, takes a sun,
Leaves me lonelier than the last!

Hopes, that led me long, have left me,
They well served in livelier days;
But, of all besides bereft, we
Find no Hope that long delays.

Life is Youth's—how vainly after,
We pursue her, all in vain;
Still she flies us, flies in laughter,
Mocking Age's ceaseless pain.

First the crutch, and then the pallet,
Then the coffin, then the clay—
Such is life, or such they call it,
Once fond youth hath fled away!

Days of love and days of glory!
Lend me memory if no more:
Second-childhood loves a story,
Like the one that went before.

All the proud ambitions shattered,
All the fevers in me cooled,
'Mid the leaves around me scattered,
Seventy is by *seventeen* schooled!

Days of love and days of power!
Deaf to all besides, I'll hear:
In the last day, the last hour,
Whisper youth still in mine ear!

EX BARBARIA

ULTIMUM VALE

Ah! the pennies that, the pennies that
I've taken from the pound,
Dropt in the hat, dropt in the hat
Blind Cupid carried round!

Oh! the songs were sung, the sweet songs sung,
Now silent all as death;
While Memory hears a mangled verse,
Or fancies memoried breath!

Ah! the laughter, too, the laughter, too,
In smiles has bid "good-day"!
While wrinkles now have got the brow
To keep bright thoughts away!

Oh! the days, the nights, the rare delights,
The things then done and seen;
The times no more are as before,
When leaves are brown were green!

These losses all, these crosses all,
Have flung me by the ditch;
That I must cry, I can but cry,
Some clay on an old wretch!

MISCELLANEA

THE GLASS

When we cannot face the glass,
Time it is the fact to face:
We are not what we have been;
Better take the canvas in,
Better call the dogs off then,
Draw the curtains, break the pen.
Glasses only do not lie:
Fill one up, and, sipping, die!

COMPENSATION

As blind old Homer droned his tale,
Of Trojan grit and Grecian glory,
To fauning landlord fetched him ale,
Who thought for him was meant the story.

So to this "friend I chat away,
As to myself it were the while;
Yet he, at all I deign to say,
Forgets his ears and thinks to smile.

A sumpter mule ne'er bore his load
More willingly than he along;
While I sit nodding like a god,
Thro' climates sundry of the tongue.

I'm wise or witty, gay or sad,
The ass himself knows never which;
Yet, like an ass, kens something's said,
And gives his ears the knowing twitch!

EX BARBARIA

When, like old Homer, I am dead,
And we are stories 'twixt us passing,
Of what we did and what we said,
To please ourselves, without displeasing:

And Homer tells me of his host,
Whose ale was really worth the quaffing,
This "friend" will then pay all his cost,
When at him I'm with Homer laughing.

INDIFFERENCY

In years to come when the lorgnette
Of faded beauty is uplifted,
To view my features higher set,
(And, for effect, full often shifted;)

Or gaping youth, or full-grown boor,
Hath stumbled in amazement on it,
Secreted behind wall or door,
And wonders why on earth they've done it!

Eyeing those features, he may see,
Or she discern by glasses aided,
Indifferency—the soul of me—
In corner hidden or paraded!

The Gardens of Apollo

IN a distant tropic ocean
Bloom a hundred emerald isles!
And Apollo, in devotion,
Looks upon them, and he smiles—
God Apollo, in devotion,
Looks upon them, and he smiles!

There brown women, bland and blithe,
Sit and sing, and love, and live;
Bronze-skinned oarsmen, lean and lithe,
Pull for shores that plenty give—
Bronzéd boatmen, lean and lithe,
Pull for shores that plenty give!

Come, my love, fly freezing weather!
Follow me, and we will follow
Naught but pleasure there together,
In the Gardens of Apollo!—
Oh! the pleasure there together,
In the Gardens of Apollo!

EX BARBARIA

There they dance, and there they sing!—
They have learned what life is—they!
Come, be queen where I am king,
And a queen isle we will sway!—
You a queen and I a king,
And a green isle we will sway!

Ah! what pleasure there had been—
Ah! what pleasure there might be,
I a king and you a queen
Of a green isle in the sea!—
Come then be my Kingdom's Queen
In that green isle of the sea!

WEST INDIAN BOAT-SONG

Burn on, burn on, bright stars above!
Dash on, dash on, wild waves around:
We ply our oars for shores we love,
And to Love's Islands we are bound!

There *all together!*—there *lightly feather!*
As the gull's wing be each oar;
Gliding on thro' sunshine weather,
Struggling madly—home once more!

Thus we sing, and thus we do,
Children of the wind and wave,
Under the blue and over the blue—
The only happy are the brave!

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

THE VALE OF YUMURI

(Matanzas, Cuba)

Yumuri! Yumuri! thy green palms are waving,
Thy waters flow down thro' a dream to the sea;
And here I had fancied that all my heart's craving
Might end in the peace Heaven has lavished on thee!

Storm-tossed on the ocean, unblessed on the shore,
I have wandered and waited, sad-hearted and lone;
But now, O Yumuri, all my hopes I give o'er,
Since I leave with thee now all the peace I have known!

Here loving and loved by a soft-eyed fond maiden,
I had gone down life's stream like a leaf on thy wave;
My heart had been light till her eye was tear-laden,
And the first drop bedimmed it had dropt on my grave!

Fair vale, where an Eden lies smiling before me,
How harsh is that fortune now bids me to rove!
Unbuilt is the altar had spread its smoke o'er thee,
Unfed is that flame had been kindled to Love!

When the rough-booted soldier shall spur thro' thy meadows,
And the maiden shall shriek, or shall sink in despair,
Yumuri! Yumuri! Love will light up thy shadows,
And each ruined bower his hand will repair!

Then, afar tho' the stranger be then so adored thee,
When thou bloomest, as Heaven has decreed thee to bloom,
Yet his one prayer shall ever be, Heaven afford thee
The sunlight he lacks, or needs not in the tomb!

Yumuri! Yumuri! I leave thee sad grieving,
Yet thanks for the pleasure for a moment was mine:
It came like the incense thy breeze is now heaving—
It will live in this heart as the same in yon shrine!

E X B A R B A R I A

LINES IN A GARDEN

(Camaguey, Cuba)

Here like a flower,
To bloom for an hour,
Were worth all that power
Or state can supply!

For what good is the glory
We pay for with worry?
When the end of the story
Is cold we must lie!

Then, were fortune but choosing,
All such things refusing,
Nor further time losing,
A sweet bud were I!

Here kept by a sweet one,
Or plucked by some neat one,
Would smilingly greet one
And yield sigh for sigh;

Thus sweetly I'd live out
My span, and thus give out
Freely alms to each devout
Pilgrim chanced to pass by:

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

And, when thus I had faded,
I'm surely persuaded,
In odors, as they did,
I'd ascend up on high!

Then thus like a flower
I'd live out my hour;
But wishes lack power,
And Fate doth deny!

And yet O for the pleasure
Of thus breathing at leisure,
And, as from a measure,
To drink from the sky!

Then for each eye that scanned me,
And each wind that fanned me,
In sweets I'd expand me,
And in perfumes would die!—

*If but like a flower
I could live out my hour;
But wishes lack power,
And Fate doth deny!*

EX BARBARIA

IN THE SAME

If love forever
Were the same thing ever,
And end it would never,
As sunshine in rain,

Then such the completeness
Of things, and the sweetness,
And such were the fitness
Of things in our lot;

That, ye gods, so it please ye,
It all were so easy,
We keep our wits busy
With wondering why not?

But, alas! for the sorrow,
It changeth to-morrow,
And each brilliant arrow
Is poisoned with pain!

Yet, so sweet is the gaining,
A truce to complaining,
The anguish disdaining,
We welcome the dart;

That first gives us gladness,
Quickly changing to sadness;
Yet, wise in our madness,
Each yields up his heart!

Then, tho' Love will deceive us,
And, ending, will leave us,
And nothing can grieve us
As when Love departs;

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

Still we welcome the stranger,
We sigh o'er the ranger,
But, brave to the danger,
We bare him our hearts!

Then this toast we shall offer:
Tho' much we may suffer,
Yet there never was lover
But would rise to the cup,

When the toast is, "The Master
Of every disaster!"—
Come they slow, or come faster—
To Love we lift up!

TO * * * *

Like those gaudy plants that grow
On the Antillean trees,
In my arms thou should'st bloom so,
Quite as sweet, as much at ease:

All they have to do is breathe,
All thou 'dst have to do to live,
With my strong arms underneath,
Giving all I had to give!

Fancy, can you plan a doom
More attractive yet than this:
Thus to live and thus to bloom,
Fairer growing at each kiss?

Then, if Fancy can't propose
Sweeter doom for you than such,
Come and live with me like those
Plants and trees—we'll thrive as much!

EX BARBARIA

TO ADA

(In Trinidad)

Raise, O raise those eyes again!
That mine in Heaven may be;
Tho' but one moment there, and then
Dropt back into this Hell of me!

Yet do the base account it much,
If, where along have passed the great,
They can so much as one time touch
Some root or stone struck by their feet;

Then lift, O lift those eyes, that mine
Once more in Heaven may be!—
Ah! Heaven, indeed, if only thine
Looked ever thus on me!

A FAREWELL

Sweetest, since I needs must go,
Teach me how to bid adieu!—
“How should the deserted know
Better than deserter knew?—
I can show, but cannot tell,
Adios!—Adieu!—Farewell!”—

A-di-os!—fare-well!—a-dieu!—
Let us linger so a minute:
Say, and I will echo you,
Every precious letter in it;
'Till we've kissed each syllable—
A-di-os!—a-dieu!—fare-well!

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

"IÈRE" (TRINIDAD)

Languid isle, 'mid tropic waters,
Smiling like thy soft-eyed daughters,
What to thee has Heaven denied
But stupid state and foolish pride?
Simplicity with Nature joined,
To form thee fair and leave thee kind.

Life I might have lived in thee
Had been all felicity;
Life from thee I know will be
Only gilded misery!

Happy ye, whose lot falls here:
With my Ada drop a tear!—

Ada, and Ière, you
Doubly sadden this adieu!

DOMINICA

Dominica, fresh and fair
As thou dost to me now seem
Such was Eden, leaf and stream,
To earth's first lovers, that blest pair,
Who 'neath just such bowers sate,

Breathing music, drinking bliss,
Blest in all save in the fate

Drove them from such scene as this:
(And the Devil drives again—
How the Devil got he in?)

Dominica, Sense finds here
All it asks, and Art despair;

EX BARBARIA

Love soft lips, the Muse a theme,
Reality itself a dream;
Gloomy tho' he be elsewhere,
Even Death wears flowers here!—
Add a cot, a tomb for me,
Fate, 'tis all I ask of thee!

A FAREWELL TO EDEN

Far from care, of custom rid,
Lundell lives as Adam did;
In a bower quite as rare,
Blooming, sweet and ever fair;
But more happy in an Eve,
Man nor serpent could deceive.

Long may green his bower be!
Prays each guest, has shared with me
It's master's hospitality!

Full as the river at his feet,
Fortune, pour thy bounties 'fore him!
Soft as the airs, bring cold nor heat,
May Love and Peace breathe music o'er him!
Day and Night unite to bring
Stars that shine and birds that sing!

So I bid him that adieu
True hearts offer to the true:—
Out of Eden, lingering so,
Sad as Adam, hence I go!

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

BEFORE THE STATUE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

(Fort de France, Martinique)

Lo! here she stands in marble, like her fame:
Cold voiceless stone best speaks her voiceless grief!
The tragic mate of him whose deathless name
Survives the wreck of empire, all too brief;
Strange tropic bird, storm-beaten, tossed ashore
On a far strand, to share a skull-piled throne:
Better beneath yon moon to've fanned, ne'er sore,
A gaudy wing, tho' mateless and alone,
Than in the thunder of fallen greatness, loud and grand,
To sink to chilly nothing, when his star, descending,
Piled all the west!—Better in such a land
Had he, the light-intoxicated Eagle,
Found her, and, on plumes brighter if less regal,
Swam down the summer airs, their voices blending!

ON MADAME DE MAINTENON

She now liveth everywhere,
The bride of Scarron, once lived here;
And the very songs to-day you hear
She whispered in a Louis's ear:
The monarch smiled, all Europe frowned,
As with such leaves as these she bound
Her captive: he surrendered to
Just such an eye as I now do!—

'Twas here she caught that tropic fire
That thawed the effete, luxurious sire;
And I, all ice before I came,
Melt and surrender to the flame.

EX BARBARIA

MOONRISE IN MARTINIQUE

Behold the heavenly huntress queen,
Gilding the palms of Josephine!
Monsieur and *Madame* catch the beam
That silvers o'er the ocean stream:
The distant mountains closer come,
And brighter grow and higher loom:
At last the marble takes the light,
And glimmers ghostly thro' the night:
The gloomy fortress feels it, too,
And sparkles his green top with dew;
While thro' the harbor's finger-tips,
Where brave De Grasse led forth his ships,
A lated vessel, like a swan,
Her strong wings stretched, sails on and on!—
Above, thro' clouds, past all too soon,
Still lessening as she comes—the Moon!

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

TO MADAME PINAUD

(Martinique)

Thine eyes are as those summer isles
That gem the tropic seas,
Where Phoebus o'er them gladly smiles,
And halyon stills each breeze:

In them we see a grace that's like,
Such warmth in them we find,
Where change doth follow change as quick,
Yet changelessly are kind.

Oh! could I dream on such an isle,
'Neath such an eye as thine,
Like Phoebus' self I then would smile,
And all my cares resign:—

And all my cares resign awhile,
And live to smile on thee!
Whom Care alone can now make smile,
That none my grief may see:

That none my grief may chance to see,
To smile, but not as thou;
But only smile on misery,
My sole companion now!

EX BARBARIA

TO THE SAME

O cloud not that divinest brow!
 'Tho' it were then to pity me:
Than lose the smiles that light me now
 O rather let me cease to be!

Such eyes, I'm sure, were never meant
 To wear those drops, tho' fair as if
They were, indeed, from Heaven sent
 To deck the eye, to honor grief!

As naked beauty shows the best,
 Undecked with gems, tho' ne'er so rare,
While with such light those orbs are blest,
 Those dewy gems they need not wear!

Then cloud not that divinest brow,
 O wet not that etherial eye!
Than lose the smiles that light me now,
 'Twere better—yes, 'twere better die!

Then clouds away! and banish grief!
 'Tho' it were then to pity me:
Than lose those smiles, so bright, so brief,
 'Twere better cease, indeed, to be!

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

FAREWELL TO MONT PELÉ

Spirit that rulest here,
I'll again meet thee!
Or on the desert bare,
Or the deep ocean!

Now, for a while, adieu!
Later a welcome;
When I will offer you
All has escaped thee!

Spirit that rulest o'er
Ruin before me!
That we shall meet anon
Voices assure me!

Power destroying!
This then be the token
That we have met again,
As it is spoken:—

Scars of the lightning
Trenched the thorns under,
Such will the brow be
Fronting thy thunder!

Spirit of Ruin! thus
Know me, and claim me;
Sieve me! and, as a spouse,
Fury, embrace me!

Spirit that rulest here,
Adieu now to thee!
Till we have met—and where?—
On shore or ocean!

EX BARBARIA

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

(St. Pierre)

You, who would paint "Destruction,"
Come here and see it better done
Than Art can ever hope to do,
Tho' thro' her greatest artist, you!—

Here Ruin round his shoulders draws
The gaudy green: thus more o'er-awes;
As when Death plays himself the fool,
Death here divides the wreck they rule.

The cloudy mountain, sullen still,
Alone remains invincible
To the green tide, sweeps up each hill;
In scorn refuses thus to wear
The colors of his great compeer;
His haughty brow still held aloof,
As in disdain to view the proof
Of his own greatness, how complete!—
Strewn in abundance at his feet!

To-night the Moon will paint the scene
In semblance of what once had been:—
Loved and lover will appear
Before the ruined altar:—fair
Will he be, fair will she be,
As the silver huntress Phoebe!—
But a dream 'twill only be,
And will pass as soon as she.

Meantime, by day do Death and Ruin
Their horrors and their laurels join;

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

And he has seen a drearier scene
Upon Acheron must have been.

Thus, thus will look the world when fall
Tower and buttress, shaft and wall,
And of man his broken tomb,
Showing what he has become:
Such a stillness, such a gloom,
Will usher in the day of doom.

ON A COUNTRY GIRL

(Baiti)

Buxom, wanton, blithe and fresh,
Here's old Eve still in the flesh!
All the great first mother was
Here it is with a black face!

Pale *Anaemia*, you may scorn,
But she is far better born:
She has Nature at her back,
And who has doth nothing lack!
Nature hath endorsed her, and
The cheek is good at any hand.

Richer *souls* there may be, yes,
Better flesh there no where is!

What "blue-stockings" have undone!—
She has never had on one.

EX BARBARIA

A TOAST: "JAMAICA"

Here's Jamaica—Heaven bless her!
At your service, at your pleasure!—
 Good to live in, good to die in,
Good for Love to love and sigh in;
Good for anything you try for,
Good to fight for and to die for!—
At your service, at your pleasure,
Here's Jamaica—Heaven bless her!

As the sun I would caress her.
 As the rain I would weep o'er her.
If aught harmed or did distress her:
 So I love her, so adore her!
And my prayer is, never lesser
 Be the fortune that's before her!—
Here's Jamaica—Heaven bless her!—
At your service, at your pleasure!

THE GARDENS OF APOLLO

TO * * *

(Jamaica)

Hunting after glory,
Panting after fame,
All to make a story,
All to grace a name!

Now it all is ended,
Nothing more I seek;
Since you have commended,
I'm the nobler Greek!

Worlds he wept to capture,
And died weeping o'er them,
In a finer rapture,
I care nothing for them!

Tho' Fame ne'er renown him,
State ne'er sigh above him,
What need he to crown him,
Who has love to love him?—

Now no more to worry,
Now no more to 'plain;
What care I for glory?
What care I for gain?—

*Tho' Fame ne'er renown him,
State ne'er sigh above him,
What need he to crown him,
Who has love to love him?—*

Then no more of trouble,
I will take my ease;
And my crown is double—
So your sweet lips please!

EX BARBARIA

TO * * *

In an ocean all our own,
In an island in that sea,
There to live with thee alone
Would be happiness for me:—

*In a green isle, in a blue sea,
I could live for aye with thee!*

With a wave loud on the shore,
And a bird loud on the bough,
I would ask for nothing more
But to see thee smile as now!—

*In a green isle, in a blue sea,
I could live for aye with thee!*

Musa Severa

IN MEMORIAM

I HEAR the roaring on the bars,
I hear the wind in every whim,
I see the glitter of the stars,
Down on the sod that holdeth him!

Alas! it is so bitter cold,
I fear he cannot rest full well;
O watchman, toll the midnight bell,
And let the night grow grey and old!

A shivering hag, let her be sped:
Into her darkening cavern go;
Her pillow heaped of colder snow
Than that which wraps below my dead!

Yon fire-fly on the blasted thorn,
What art thou, that thou troublest me?
So faint must he then be to me,
Hyperion climbing with the morn!

Wide heavens above me, why am I
Respective only of an urn?
When I have mine will ye not burn
As brightly? Yet I needs must sigh:

EX BARBARIA

Of him I think, of him alone:—

Not Phosphor on the freshening sea
Can win my thoughts away from thee,
And are my sighs to thee unknown?

To-morrow thou wilt speak to me,
To-morrow! and to-morrow I
Will to the tongueless tomb reply!—
Ah! Fancy, am I fooled by thee?

Too deep the music in him lies,
Too deep yon rose-tree must descend,
Ere it can reach its destined end,
And give his roses to the skies!

Lone bird, that wilt to-morrow cry,
And thatch thy nest from 'round his tomb,
Thou'st yet a mate will singing come—
No mate to him will ever fly!

Loud music in the pompous hall,
Thy strain can not reach thro' the clay;
Yet 'mid the rout some one may say,
"We miss a footstep after all!"

Thou goodly bowl of festive wine,
Will some one not thy draught restrain,
Till he can pledge it, and then drain
To lips that taste but dust, not thine?

M U S A S E V E R A

Yes; ever 'mid the festive throng,
Will one yet pause, and one will say,
Amid the dancers in his way,
“*Methinks our Bancho lingereth long!*”

And he will say is he that sings.—
Alas! could we our griefs but paint,
Their pictures then would not be faint,
But Saturn seem to common things!

But grief and skill are seldom wed:
The pain we feel doth still benumb,
And ever yet still strikes us dumb,
The thought recurs, “*He lyeth dead!*”

When we but long to taste again
His lips, and revel in his eyes;
And, tho’ no lark were in the skies,
Yet prosy things were Homer then!

And we would urge some trifle planned,
So worthless it would move a smile,
In one more free, to ease awhile
The restless reaching of the hand!

And so these verses, such withal,
I fling upon an empty page,
A moment’s vision to engage,
Then pass, like him, beyond recall!—

EX BARBARIA

And “pass like him” to where? to what?—
The query is its own response;
And Echo answers it at once,
“*To what? to where?*” but tells us not!

We pass to dust—if aught can save
The worm-rent fabric, who can tell?
We only know we loved it well,
And now the cold and silent grave!

Yet such the lot of mortal men:
’T is given by the gods above;
Nor seeketh wisdom to remove,
But meekly murmureth an “*Amen*”!

M U S A S E V E R A

ON THE PROSPECT OF GOING TO JAIL

“Stone walls do not a prison make!”

For him whose soul is free;

“As hermitage my cell I’ll take,”

And sing of liberty!

The iron door can not shut out

The stars from this mine eye,

Until my mind shall one time doubt

Their visibility!

Thou fearful instrument of law,

Do what thou hast in hand,

On freer man then ne’er didst draw

The door at its command.

Welcome! my cruse, my crust, my cot,

The eaglet’s perch and fare:

Nor need I fear a Raleigh’s lot,

While Raleigh’s heart beats here!

Thou downy god of pleasant sleep,

Point here thy wand of lead:

Why should I wakeful vigils keep,

When Honor makes my bed?

Welcome! thou little narrow house,

Welcome, ye crickets, too:

My beadsmen be, while I shall drowse—

Ye brother bards, adieu!

Adieu! thou world that I have left,

Welcome to this I find:

Nor am I lonely or bereft,

While conscience still is kind!

EX BARBARIA

STANZAS TO HONOR

'Neath cloudless skies in summer hours,
I basked and Fortune seemed mine own;
From wintry skies now tempest lowers—
How far from me hath Fortune flown!

I followed Hope, till she revealed her,
And memory now is all I hold;
I followed Love—(and still would shield her,
Nor more by me shall e'er be told!)

The fame I found was soon bereft me,
A worm was pleasure at the core:
Honor, only art thou left me,
Yet with thee I need no more!

M U S A S E V E R A

MY HEART IS TOO MUCH IN MINE EAR

Leave, O leave that strain alone!

'Tis too keen, ah! 't is too keen:

Memory harbors every tone

To the heart has ever been!

Strike, O strike another, strike!

That will speak but not in woe;

This one, this one is too like

The remembered long ago!

Cease, O cease, lay by thy lute!

Every note is still the same:

Tho' a new one, 'till now mute,

Still the first would point the aim!

No more of it; no more I'll hear:

I tell thee, minstrel, 'tis thy worst!

My heart is too much in mine ear—

Give o'er, give o'er—thou strik'st the first!

EX BARBARIA

LIKE THE LAST LEAF OF MANY

Like the last leaf of many, left lonely and plaining,
When Autumn has vanished thro' December remaining;
Like the billow at midnight in sadness is broken,
Were our hearts as we parted, was our farewell then spoken!

O the Spring will return for the bough's new adorning,
And the sunlight will charm the lone wave from her mourning;
But oh! what will restore to our hearts, and their speaking,
Or the life or the notes that they knew before breaking?

And, tho' memory each accent adoringly cherish,
(For we cannot forget till forgotten we perish,)
Yet the wave darkly broken, the leaf in December,
Must our bosoms be ever and the notes they remember!

Yes, the days will be many, there'll be springs without counting,
When the boughs will be green and the sun will be mounting;
But, for us, but one winter, one day in that number,
Till one night has brought sleep, and that sleep prove no slumber!

M U S A S E V E R A

WE LOVE BUT ONCE

The lips that Love hath once impressed
Can ne'er forget or be the same;
On others tho' they hope to rest,
They miss the ones they dare not name!

As well might yonder flower receive
Her roving plunderer, and yet seem
Unplundered to the next would thrive;
That "second" love is but a dream!

Our dust went with the first that throve,
And half our sighs are that we sigh,
In vain, for one, our only love—
We love but once, and then we die!

MUSIC AND MEMORY

Cease, idle tears! let Memory rest,
And to the harp apply her ear;
'T is best, 't is best, O it is best,
That Memory now should music hear.

Cease, idle tears!—the notes are flung,
By Hope's swift hand the lute hath seized;
And listen with what angel tongue
She sings, till Memory's self is pleased!

Cease, idle tears!—enough: to-morrow
You may undo the all she rears:
A truce awhile to thee and sorrow—
Hope is singing, Memory hears!

EX BARBARIA

THE GEMS OF AFFECTION

When the sunlight of glory falls flashing around us,
Little reck we the soft constant lights that decline;
When the shades of misfortune have sought and have found us,
How sweetly, how star-like, how welcome they shine!

Blest Hours of Misery! who then would upbraid them?
Since they show, what our luckiest never could show,
That reflections will fade with the fair suns that made them,
But the gems of affection are seen but in woe!

Then, as dear as those rays from the night o'er us beaming,
Be still cherished the lamps of a light so divine;
For, the glory may pass with the light that is streaming,
Yet the rays of affection will never decline!

Then how sweet, when the sunlight of glory has left us,
To repose 'neath those rays that so constant remain,
That, if ever bedimmed they should seem or bereft us,—
'T would but mean that the sunlight was shining again!

M U S A S E V E R A

THE TEST

Love has no finer feather,
 In his wing,
Than that which dares rough weather
 Sorrows bring:

'T is not when suns are shining,
 While he plays,
Nor when, sweet roses twining,
 He delays;

But 't is, when clouds are darkening,
 He alone,
To danger never harkening,
 Still sings on!

'T is this alone can prove him—
 Such rough weather;
And this 't is makes us love him,
 Foot and feather!

EX BARBARIA

TO * * *

Somewhere on a tragical shore,
Sometime in a terrible hour,
I will meet thee, I am sure, once more,
When the bough has no leaf and no flower—
Somewhere on a tragical shore,
Sometime in a terrible hour!

Far off where the dark clouds are flying,
All along by a river of ice,
Far down where the thick leaves are lying;
For such of our folly's the price:

To meet on a tragical shore,
Sometime in a terrible hour!
And there I will meet thee once more:
And we'll own that the bough has no flower—
All down by a tragical shore,
Sometime in a terrible hour!

M U S A S E V E R A

'MID AGES OF DREARINESS

'Mid ages of dreariness, hours of pain,
I but think of thy face and am happy again ;
And the stars of my fate unto kindness incline,
As the eyes I remember once answered to mine ;
And a voice, like a lute, seems to strike thro' the gloom,
I know not—I ask not—I care not for whom !

If forgotten, forgiven—what am I to thee?
Yet remembered forever thou still art by me!—

Yes, the days will restore thee the hours once lost,
In obtaining a heart without reckoning the cost ;
And the nights will requite thee in calm and in peace—
Forgive and forget me.—And, my song, thou shalt cease,

Like a wave that is broken—even now doth it break,
On the shore lies before me!—When, wave, thou can'st slake
The thirst of the wanderer across thee is blown,
Then, song, thou wilt give me the peace I have known ;
But, till Ocean has heaved his own heart from the waves,
Will this breast ever heave, and still sigh as it heaves !

EX BARBARIA

WHEN GLORY HAD CROWNED ME

When glory had crowned me, I thought of but one
Whose praises I sighed for and cared for alone;
And when fortune forsook me, it could not do more,
Since the best and the fairest had forsook me before!

And, if ever I taste more of fortune or bliss,
It will not be mine and it shall not be this:
Nor more mine the banner, nor more mine the crown,
I have seen them and wished but to shiver them down!

Then, tho' Glory should tempt me, 't would be but to curse!
Since I cannot be thine, O why need I be her's?
And, tho' Fortune should woo me, 't would be but in vain—
'T would but lead me to sighing and wishing again!

If they bless thee, I'll bless them and call them divine:
(If they please thee, they must be far different from mine!)
When thou smilest, I'll smile, and then add to my story,
That affection's a dream and that fortune is glory!

M U S A S E V E R A

TO * * *

The charm that first did take my heart
Survives to hold the captive still,
For in the capture Cupid's art
Was all exhausted with his skill;

The glorious wink, the tropic eye,
Immortally the same remains,
Tho' sixteen caused at first the sigh,
And forty 't is that now retains:

'T was summer then, 't is winter now,
And still to change the seasons run;
I know no change, but still to bow
In love that's constant as the sun!

EX BARBARIA

A MEMORY

There is a face I dare not see,
An eye I dare not look upon;
Yet they are more to memory
Than myriads here, than millions gone!

The circling brown upon that brow
About my heart so close hath wrapt it,
'Tho' wayward, absent, distant now,
'T will circle there till death hath snapped it!

That hand I touch, that voice I hear,
'Tho' long—ah! long, since last it sounded!—
It wished me well without a tear,
Yet sadder than if tears had drowned it!

This flowery ashes in my fingers
Was once a rose!—ah! Time, how fleeting!
The form dissolves, the fragrance lingers,
Like that when last our lips were meeting!

When they shall meet—ah! when, if ever?—
Themselves, indeed, they might disclaim:
The curls—how few!—those eyes—oh! never!—
I'm sure our hearts will be the same!

M U S A S E V E R A

TO * * *

When Fortune shall fly me,
As Fortune will do,
Who then will stand by me?
Who, who, if not you?

When the wit has all vanished,
Now charms the light throng,
And dark thoughts have banished
All the spirits of song;

Who then will forget not
The days of my glory?—
I know, and so fret not
At their fading before me!

Fly all else that I prize,
Or to-day or to-morrow,
So the gems in thine eyes
I may wear in my sorrow:

'Gainst the world I have lost
I will weigh them, and say,
*"It were dear at the cost,
If I had them to pay!"*

While I have them I'll smile,
"Ah! how easy to choose!"
And sigh only, the while,
I'd not another to lose!

EX BARBARIA

TO * * *

They say that the Queen of Affection arose
’Twixt the blue and the green, as the sea-fire does ;
And ’t is probably true, as the faithless still prove,
But the love that we knew was the starlight above !

As that light from the skies came that light to our hearts,
Stars set and they rise, but that light ne’er departs ;
When the last sun goes down we will watch it decline,
But the love that we knew from the tomb it will shine !

Then doubt not my heart !—it is thine but too much ;
Such, such was our love—mine at least is still such :—
Without thee I sigh, for thee gladly I’d die,
With the wings of a dove to thee quickly I’d fly !

Then doubt not my heart !—tho’ far distant I be,
And, tho’ false in all else, I am still true to thee ;
Every true sigh to thee from my breast is still sent,
Every wish, every hope, for thy peace and content !

Then doubt not my heart !—etc.

M U S A S E V E R A

TO * * *

I wraught not to deceive thee,
I left, but not to leave thee;
But, fearing more to grieve thee,
 Hath borne me thus from thee!

With brighter skies about me,
What are they now without thee?—
O nothing!—never doubt me,
 I'd choose the clouds with thee!

“Dream we shall meet tomorrow,
In joy to end our sorrow!”—
Then from that hope I'll borrow
 A lamp to beacon me!

By such thine own steps lighten,
And let thy smile new-brighten;
And let no dark thought frighten
 That aught can then harm me!

EX BARBARIA

MARY ANDERSON

I love thee, Mary Anderson!
I loved thee from the start;
But all my wealth I gave to thee
When I gave thee my heart!

O winsome Mary Anderson!
You've stolen my all from me;
That I must die for loving so
A cruel thing like thee;

Unless sweet Mary Anderson
Should put her hand in mine,
And we should on together thus,
Thro' dark clouds and thro' shine.

O lovely Mary Anderson!
Come live with me, and be
The comfort of my life, the star
Of destiny to me!

O my own Mary Anderson!
Why should I longer pine?
When all I ask of Fortune is
That sweet, sweet hand of thine!

O matchless Mary Anderson!
Hast thou thy vow forgot?
Remember, Mary Anderson!
Or else thou lov'st me not.

M U S A S E V E R A

God bless thee, Mary Anderson!
Whate'er betide, I'll cry:
I love thee, Mary Anderson,
And will do till I die!

To doubt thee, Mary Anderson!—
How could I doubt of thee?
I'd doubt the stars above me, first,
I'd doubt the sun and sea;

I'd doubt the rose's sweetness,
I'd doubt that heaven's o'er earth;
I'd doubt the prayers she offered,
The mother gave me birth!

I'd doubt that Truth is truthful,
I'd doubt that Love is Love:
I'd doubt the Power that made us, yes,
I'd doubt my God above,

Before I'd doubt thee, Mary!
And can'st thou doubt of me?—
Then love me, Mary Anderson!
And doubt not I love thee!

EX BARBARIA

“THE FLESH-POTS OF EGYPT”

“Dargan and Sanar, two Egyptian lords.”

Fuller's Holy War: Cambridge, 1640.

I.

My eye is sickening for old Parian stones,
For Tyrian tapestries, gaunt Karnac tombs,
Or where Assyrian stars watch yet rude thrones;
For Venice, purpling in old arches dim,
Or Florence, where sweet Venus never glooms,
But standeth in her shell as in a dream:
Oh! to be statued 'neath the minarets!
Or where some dome swells bell-less to the blue;
Or to sit 'mid the tents of Araby,
While the dull camel at his tether frets,
Or swart old Paynim prays his prayer anew,
Toward Mecca bending in the broadening sky!
Thus, thus to gaze, or ever thus to greet
Young Sheba voyaging up to Jewry seat!

M U S A S E V E R A

II.

Here Ocean and his waste of waters, hills
That reach at heaven, forests and streams unending,
And many a lake that drinks a thousand rills;
But these are Nature's only and not man's,
And so they leave him, all his heights transcending,
Unreckoned, or his powers or his plans;
And so he turns to things that touch him nearer,
(For whom self-knowledge still is knowledge past
Comparison: at least, 't is nearer, clearer,
Dearer to him, however less withal);
So the Barbarian turns from the all-vast
Americas, and hears his first home call;
For, tho' we travel from them far and fast,
Our anchors drop in Old World ports at last!

III.

And so my heart this morning sighs to be
Away from all this wilderness and waste;
And where my fathers had their vine and their fig-tree,
In Balbec curious or El Cairo grand!
So snugly seated, I at last might taste
What my breast aches for in a distant land,
And cold and barren; for my blood is torrid,
Howe'er it came so, and I long for sounds
And sights more rich, more Arabesque, more florid,
Did Helen charm, or Cleopatra stirred!
And to revisit which my bosom bounds,
And my heart flutters like a prisoned bird:
Now tries each lattice that its cage surrounds.
Then settles down to silence that confounds.

EX BARBARIA

ON RECEIVING INFORMATION

THAT * * * WOULD RE A MOTHER

Come, little warrior, have no fear,
A father's arms await thee here!
Tho' thou bring'st her pain and sorrow,
In thy mother's smiles tomorrow
Thou wilt shine, and fairer far
Than yon heaven's most heavenly star!

Come, little warrior, hasten in!
Tho' they call thee child of sin,
Still thou dearer art to me,
For the scorn they throw on thee:
Love 't was called thee to the earth,
And by such we'll judge thy worth.

Smile, little warrior, come along,
Echo to thy sire's song!
Never morning then appeared
Half so fresh or so revered.—

Haste, little warrior, come along—
Echo to thy sire's song!

M U S A S E V E R A

THE SUMMONS

A good ship won't sink for a dip—no! no!
And a brave heart won't shrink for a dart;
Then a smile let it ripple my lips, yes! yes!
Tho' Pain have his knife in my heart.

Then *hurrah!* for an end soon and quick—aye! aye!
And *abas!* with a life long long and old:
Here's, here's, to be dead, but not sick—no! no!
Says the *warm* clod when toasting the *cold*.

THE STOIC'S PRAYER

Immortal Zeus!—far-seeing Destiny!—Jehovah!—God!
If in this earth we read Thy signet ring.
Or in the stars spell right Thy character:
Or on the temple walls, that girt the feasting monarch Soul,
Is writ aught in Thy hand—
If we dream not, and Thou art!
Show us Thy will, and give us fortitude;
That, leaving vain endeavor after joy,
We seek Thee in the all-sufficing truth!—
This is our prayer: great Father, grant it us;
And we shall ever pray, and ever thus.

EX BARBARIA

THE HEART AND THE SHELL

Those sands blow round, that, pouched in skins, made kings,
And tears, when added, make the ship-plowed sea;
While all the shells that beachward Ocean flings
Are less in number than hearts broken be;
Then, when I'm added to the dust that blows,
If from the sea-beach one should pick a shell,
And moralized it thus: as, "*Who now knows
But in this narrow house a heart did dwell,
That, loving, longed: and, longing, died of grief,
Ungratified by all the pearl-floored seas!*"
If he should liken then that shell, in brief,
To this my heart, that sighs, even as these
Sea-citizens, perchance, his error then were less
Than those, who count my smiles alone, would guess.

THE LAST CUP

Lord of the lightning-bearing Zeus!
Great striker-down of all beneath!
What is a man when thou shalt choose
To lay him in the arms of Death?

Lo! here I lift this cup to thee,
Proud King of all we know, or see,
Or think, or feel—Almighty Fate!
Forget me not—*strike not too late!*

Sonnets to Matilda

TO * * *

*When to some night-outwatching seer this earth
Shall to him, windowed in his neighboring star,
Appear a meteor, and of no more worth,
Tho' on it now for acres armies war—
(Brilliant for an instant, as it silent falls,
Then nothing ere we can write out the word!
Silent the superstition on it bawls,
Silent the forest beast, the human herd!)—
Sighing to see it sink into the night,
The sometime garish twinkler in the sky,
Then will he wonder, as it leaves his sight,
What souls ached there, did thereon live and die;
Till haply fancy shall refashion us,
The sometime lovers of this falling ball;
And we shall rise upon his vision thus,
And he will envy, yet bless us, withal—
Thee, for the goodliest creature walked its ground,
Me, for the luckiest poet by thee crowned.*

EX BARBARIA

I.

When I look on a cold immortal stone
And see how it can weather storms of time,
Well-nigh as such had never on it blown;
Nor growing old but always in its prime:
Alike 'twixt green boughs and the brown it looks,
Alike if planets rise or if they set,
Alike if frozen or if loud the brooks,
Smiling eternal whilst we mortals sweat!
Then 'tis I argue that when I decline,
And bow me to the common lot of flesh,
Such life thou givest to these rhymes of mine,
That they will be my Grecian gods still fresh;
Wherein I'll smile at accidents and death,
And live as long as men for words have breath.

II.

The lowly soldier often doth sole grieve
To think his wound will to no tongue return;
And so, that these my wounds may ever live,
I here record them, that the world may learn;
That, tho' good-fortune never should me cure.
But I must bleed away into the grave,
That knowledge is of what I did endure
Is to those wounds a partial staunch and salve.
Then, know, thou world, I have this credit won,
To've bravely fought, if I must basely die;
And tho' no prophet I, nor prophet's son.
No earthly Homer, Heavenly Mercury,
Lovers will read me, if none others do;
And, so they do, I'll live like Homer too.

SONNETS TO MATILDA

III.

When 'tis admired, in the times to come,
That the old-fashioned love again should live
In this late age, that hath for such small room,
And grudgingly that little room doth give;
When men make question of the causes, which,
Uniting late, produced so old a fruit;
Then in the thread, in which they find this hitch,
I leave this clue, that will clear their pursuit:—
Let them consider nothing strange in me,
Admire not that in old-date rhymes I muse;
There is no strangeness here, 'tis all in thee:
Being what thou art, I had no chance to choose:
To robe a goddess in a modern dress,
Had it not been too much?—if not, much less.

IV.

When in the jetty bosom of the night
The Hand divine first set the stars to shine,
Those eyes, that first beheld them yield their light,
Are dust of earth or drops in yonder brine;
And yet those stars give Heavenly light to us,
And Time, in vain, hath sought their beams to dim;
And so these eyes, behold thee shining thus,
Will soon be dust; yet these lines copy them:
And so thy beauty shall forever shine
While yonder stars do twinkle in the vault,
Making a heaven of these lines of mine;
Where, if the critics shall perceive a fault,
They must admit those faults to be in me:
These lines may err, not so those lines in thee.

EX BARBARIA

V.

As a fair jewel in a ring is set,
So doth thy merit in mine eye appear;
And, as that precious stone no light doth get,
But rather darkness, if his foil be clear,
So, when in anger mine eye doth encloud,
And I do seek thine image thus to stain,
By mine own stain thy fair is more allowed,
That I, perceiving it, straight dote again;
But, if thou cloud thyself, O thou must see
How cheaply I that virtue then inherit;
As, the gem tinged, the foil straight seems to be
More worthy than pertains to his real merit:
Shine thou, I'm but the cloud that wraps the sun.
Shine not, I'm as the moon and rise through one!

VI.

When to the welkin of thy starry eyes
I lift base looks accustomed to things vile,
As he that for his fortune reads the skies,
And, flattered there by hope misplaced, will smile;
So I, poor fool, mistaking like the sage,
Misdeem I read some tender thoughts therein;
Which causeth Hope with grim Despair to wage
A lasting battle he can never win.—
O luckier for me, hadst thou still looked
Malignant, when mine eye first courted thine;
Then, for I had not such disvaluing brooked,
No later look had broke this heart of mine.
Alas! I've formed the very sword thine eye did need
To murder me—if thou canst do the deed!

SONNETS TO MATILDA

VII.

When, weary with the day, I seek my rest,
And think in shadows to escape from grief,
An uglier visage doth the while invest
Each thought, that I find thence but small relief:
With what sad eyes I greet the coming morn,
With a like sadness gaze upon the west;
The interim, tho' filled with stars new-born,
For me means little beauty or yet rest:
Men feast, I starve, they drain, I sip, the cup;
They sing, they dance, they ride, they smile, they talk,
I stagger thro' the day, and, when it's up,
Like a black shadow after night I stalk,
Keeping my hours by my heart alone,
As one that has a clock yet needeth none.

VIII.

Oft when I've shut me from the world away,
And in a little room thy form renew,
Then, like the miser, when is fled the day,
I feel no lack of light, tho' none I view;
Thus when the beadsman, in his stone-cold cell,
His saint saluteth with his thousandth "Ave!"
He feels no cold and with him all is well—
His blessed Lady saves him; so doth save
From the dark waves her knight, my lady dear!
If cold I warm me with the thoughts of her;
Tho' pathless be my way, I need not fear,
By Love led on, how can I ever err?
Love leads me ever, of this I am sure,
So follow I, nor care what I endure.

E X B A R B A R I A

IX.

Our time is now, delay means only waste
Of those dear joys that youth perfect makes ;
They linger long may find they have no taste,
For Time, that takes a hair, the head too takes.
Now seems it full, but excess ceases too ;
Gold days run by and hideous nights come on,
We know not when, we know that they ensue.
Let's seize the present ere the future's gone !
To-morrow may not be : sure never will,
For then to-day 'tis. Then let's say, to-day
We will be happy, and our cup up fill
With what to-morrow cannot take away.—
Give me to-day, I am a doubting Thomas :
To-day's the cash, to-morrow but a promise.

X.

When I am hoar, and all unseemly grown,
Tho' thou should'st to improvement nothing owe,
Still men might smile, wert thou then fair alone,
And I the fashion of the Love-god's bow.
Betimes then let us, ere men's carping tongues
Possess this reason for their slanders vile,
Delight ourselves with what to love belongs ;
Lest, when we do, the world should think to smile.—
If merit be in modesty at all,
Full long that merit hast thou won and well ;
To be too tender is too trivial,
And seems another story quite to tell.—
Consider, sweet, else some may say full soon :
“A cold dish she and he but half a spoon” !

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XI.

O it is Hell to look upon brave weeds
When we are beggar'd, smell food and yet to want,
See harness and hear told alone brave deeds,
Love water and dry-sail a continent!
Yet this is nothing but heart's ease to looking
- On bright eyes with a crabbed wrinkled brow;
Yet this confronts us surely, and no joking,
Should I decline and you remain as now.—
Ye gods, the loss of teeth, of sight, of sense,
Were nothing to the loss of that astrology,
That point gives heaven it's true circumference,
Whose basis is a flickering woman's eye!
This is the sin that's called "unpardonable,"
Then when to sin, in fact, we are not able.

XII.

O better 'tis to swop, in breaths, our souls,
And league sweet amities with recording kisses,
While yet the red blood runs, ere hoar age cools,
And clocks are dumb 'fore minute-killing blisses;
'Twixt the round-narrow and the oblong grave,
O better 'tis to feel the pulse beat thrice,
To hear the loud Heart echo Life, and laugh,
Then lie undecided in the arms of ice!
While yet the sand runs in the wriggling glass,
One hot hour gathered countervails an age
Spent in the sluggish files of famous days,
Where to be cold's the price of being sage:
On frozen feet to stand 'mid frozen things,
Where marble eunuchs wait on stonéd kings!

EX BARBARIA

XIII.

O Love! that lookest two ways in my heart,
On Hope and Memory with divided gaze—
Hope ne'er shall be, Remembrance ne'er shall 'part,
Preceptress each, and critic of my days:
O Love, bid me forego and no more hope;
Why should I run thus a ne'er-ending race?
As he, who, hurrying on from top to top,
Gains one, to find a higher doth him face.
If so, dear Love, let me at once give o'er;
Wherefore should I thus sell cheap life so dear?
Not rather bear it to no further shore,
But close at once with that quick purchaser,
Death, who still takes up all here cheapened goods,
Spoiled on the shore or long tossed on the floods!

XIV.

The horror-hanging grave, whose black mouth, gaping,
Drinks up all hopes of what men have below,
With all his troop of Dreams infernal, shaping
Conceits beyond what flesh may ever know,
Is not so dark, nor half so gluttonous.
As is the fire-bright splendor of thine eye,
Whose Heaven-looking lamp should beckon us,
As 'twere a cresset of eternity.
Blazing to pilot souls unto their rest!
But, ah! above this double Paradise,
Thine all too cruel and commanding breast,
More threatening than the two-edged fire doth rise,
Hung on the haunches of the first Father: who
Had not like me, alas! alone to go!

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XV.

Yet, have a care, imperious minister
Of cruel, careless and unbending Love,
The haughtiest fell, the golden Lucifer,
As far below as high he'd been above;
Let not too long this cold conceit o'errule thee,
Advised in time be, while there yet is time,
And say it was a very fool did school thee:
Decay was ever follower on prime!
Now mayst thou stand and dare destruction,
Yes, now, before Destruction is in view;
But, once he comes, and safe is the deduction,
That, as to others, (he will come to you,)
There's a great difference to be noted then:
When ladies wait there are no gentlemen!

XVI.

Then let sweet Beauty still herself deceive
And flourish in her prime 'ere winter neareth,
Yet Wisdom biddeth Wit, lest he should grieve.
"Have care of that, that, losing, naught repaireth!"
Be gentle to thyself, and love some other!
O harshest she alive, too close to yield her;
That hand, that guards too long, doth only smother,
And that, but late a tear, now ice hath killed her!
Beauty's the shadow, but the substance love;
Or, if not love, to yield love must doth prove it:
Then were it fair indeed to cast love off?
What jewel like to love? what shines about it?
O naught!—then fairest, let thine eyes be gentle,
Sweet lamps, still leading to so sweet a temple!

EX · BARBARIA

XVII.

When in the horror of Death's surly scroll
I see thee writ, by his foul pen defaced,
If I shall so, what will conceive my soul
Of pain may not be on a white sheet traced!
Then 'gainst that day arrives, and so it must,
Or thou the like must view regarding me,
(Seeing in opposites there is no trust,)
Were it not wiser then, think you, that we
Should write our names in love's undying page?
That, when cold stones alone tell where we are,
A golden boy may trace us in his age,
And be our chronicle, tell what we were
When yet the sun felt warm, the rose was sweet;
Else surly Death of such will us both cheat!

XVIII.

When Death, executor of this Life's will,
Giving to Memory the cold keys of Hope,
Shall with our riches all his coffers fill.
What spirit with his worst can think to cope?
He'll do his worst, and we, alack! shall strive
But like the frail reed in the river's might:
Which way he wills that way he will us drive.
And wrong on wrong will answer "Do us right"!
Then, since conceit of Bliss is all we have
Of certainty regarding Bliss at all,
(So little we may count beyond the grave.)
So much the more let's seize the sweets befall:
If after sunset night alone had sway,
That love we give the stars we'd give the day.

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XIX.

Let not the goodly trees their verdure shake,
In 'hoof of Phoebus' winter-chilléd bed,
Or icy mists encurl the mountain's cheek,
The levin gods afar with Thunder fled.
Ere thou 'gainst Death, that grizzly ravisher
Of dainty maids, too careless of Time's step!
Provide, in time, against that worst death here,
The tomb laid doubly down—an unkissed lip!
Fear yet in Spring, lest thou in Winter rue,
The barren boughs of a too virtuous May.
All things of merit unto fame are due:
Then give to Fame some testament, to say
That thou wert his: what remedy
Kills wretched death, but Love, effectually?

XX.

To be a goddess, first begin a woman!
And pity show to him, has constant proved.
O is it then a thing so very common,
To be so deified, so worshipped, loved,
As you have been?—I had supposed it not;
But had imagined that the stars above,
With wonder heavenly, did observe my lot,
And pitied me, and marveled at a love,
So constant, so unchanged by time or tide;
But now I see I had supposed too much:
It must be common for men thus to've died.—
And shall I only marble ever touch?
O woman, woman—if thou art, in fact—
Then, prove it, prove it, by one only act!

EX BARBARIA

XXI.

Ye sighs and steaming breaths, that winnow love,
Fanning the dross and chaffy parts away,
That with such windy suspirance dare play
With things immortal, till that ye too prove
But as the perfume hung above the rose.
Blow on me now and make me sweet! pant, heart,
And like a stithy glow; nostrils, flame! loose,
Ribs, and be the bellows to my love; part
With ecstasies, my soul! for I am gross,
And need purgation, ere I shall think to be
An altar holy for her rudest kiss:
Laid out like manna and religion, she
Should only be eaten with salt of sacrifice.
Else is adoring, in respect, plain blasphemy!

XXII.

Fold up the gorgeous draperies of the sun,
And let night all her spoomy vials pour
Upon the moon's cold horns, the day is done!
And, like a soul redeemed, I sigh no more,
But on the boundaries of my heaven wait
For a right angel tongue to call me in;
And even now that angel's at the gate,
And I'm a traveller that seeks such an inn.
O then, kind Night, be swift and haste along,
And for my candles fetch on all thy stars;
Yet, without light, how could I once go wrong?
Since on Love's wings I fly, to find those bars,
That shut my lady in; yet now are not
To shut me longer out, my former lot.

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XXIII.

Not lady Eve, when she had plucked the fruit,
That hung ambrosial on the Hesperid tree,
Drank in such raptures, 'twixt her fair lips, mute
For very ecstasy, as then chanced to me
When our lips met, to melt into each other,
Yield all they had and claim all could be given;
One calling "*Sister*"! and one answering "*Brother*"!
(The sweetest twins earth ever trained for Heaven!)
And, as those barks, go trading to the east,
Tho' run to other ports in the cold north,
Retain their odors, such my soul doth feast,
Ever and anon, when one comes forth,
Escaped my hair at last, to feed my sense.
Reminding me too well he comes from thence.

XXIV.

I'll number o'er each hair upon thy head
With my lip's kisses; then I will forget
How many, by the task too sweet misled—
(Like a fly, I, caught in a golden net!)—
And then I will my task resume again,
And still again, my senses ever erring,
To please my heart the while it may have been,
If by the deeper throbs we err not so inferring.—
O that my life's extent were measured thus!
That, when my task was done, I might too end,
Still with a golden thread, still binding us,
'Twixt these my fingers—reaching to contend
With Death, lest he should dare to touch
One hair, had been for me to weigh too much!

EX BARBARIA

XXV.

Those scars of fortune I have suffered, sweet,
Touched by thy lips, are to me dearer far
Than an unploughed perfection all complete,
Since now I have a kiss where was a scar:
That, when dark hours their oppression wage,
And 'neath such clouds anew they rankle then,
As he, who hunting sad thoughts in a page,
By chance lights on what makes him smile again,
So seeing them, I soon remember. "This
Received thy lips on such another day;
On such another didst thou sweetly kiss
This other, bearing all the hurt away!"
And so my scars I count my greatest blisses,
Since thus it is I number can thy kisses!

XXVI.

O when the windows of the Heavenly world
Are filled with curious gazers at the sight,
Of this earth ruined, and the proud smoke curled
And climbing, as it did in fact delight
To be tale-bearer of a sad world's end,
Like to a star contending with a cloud,
Ere its fine substance with the rubbish blend,
Will my heart sparkle 'mid the common crowd
Of lesser lovers: since, in loving thee,
I have refined into a purer metal
Than the rest: so my light shall longer be
And brighter, ere the dull ash on it settle!
Then, tho' I've suffered much, is it not aught
T' afford the last glimpse that from earth is caught?

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XXVII.

That I, whose thoughts new-topped the tops that freeze,
And gave new spaces to the windy ocean,
Who ever found too near the starry seas,
Too mild the tempest in its wildest motion;
That I, out-Cæsaring Cæsar, still should find
Enough of empire in thine eyes' survey,
Enough of Heaven in thy voice confined,
Enough of earth in what earth doth out-weigh,
Is yet not strange: for what are mountain tops,
Or ocean's waste, tho' tears, compared with this
Small rarer, dearer, cosmos of my hopes?—
I weigh the world slight if I such should miss:
My world thou art, whose sceptre is this line,
Whereby I rule by love, by right divine.

XXVIII.

If there is aught by which my tongue is tied
'Tis then the thought that I must sing of thee;
On aught besides I can somewhat provide,
Not thought the worst by those think well of me:
As a base cook, who then best shows his skill,
When he knows not great manners are at table,
So I dumb-founded am when Wish bids Will,
“Now write of her, and best as thou art able!”
O then I shake, as a mere thief surprised:
“What have I done?”—“What shall I do?”—“Ye stars!
No cake provided— and the lady least!”—
So sweet I'm flung 'mid all such household jars;
But, when I hear thee praise, how poor soever,
Then know I more do than these fools discover.

EX BARBARIA

XXIX.

Still am I lazy in conceit, still all too dull,
No skill at all, to cry my wares in thee;
A better merchant had kept his stall full
With greedy buyers with my moiety.
O wherefore then lack I such drawing wit,
As should display thee to the world in letters?
Why prove my best endeavors so very slight,
That I'm still shamed by every half it utters?
O surely half the fault to thee is due,
Piling on hands so much, such bulk at once;
That, ere I can begin to bring to view,
Ten times more comes to hurry me from thence:
In lesser portions give thy beauty out,
And I shall thrive the faster showing it, no doubt.

XXX.

Give me to-day thy hand and let me write
Ten hundred, ten times ten, sweet lines upon it;
For every vein a several canzonet.
For every dimple still a dimpling sonnet:
Then lend thine ear, that I may offer vows
To that sweet moon, forever young, forever thus
A crescent, tho' that pale and fuller grows
That holds the salt sea ever-amorous!
Thine eyes another month to discourse on,
Thy hair a sennight to arrange in verses:
Thy lips should have a library all their own,
Each milky mountain a new epic nurses:
But O thy heart! the pen, the skill, the wit,
Composing there, must use one-half of it.

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XXXI.

Tho' absent from thee long, so long, in fact,
Time must have been an infant when we met,
Still breathe I like an actor whose last act
Still leaves him breathing as he did it yet;
Still feel I like a lover in thine arms;
The ear-shell murmurs still its deep-sea tale
Of love, and still the uncalmed current warms
A thousand isles of being, past the pale
Of common knowledge:—what an antique map
Is man, until love has discovered him!
And shown him to himself; as then did hap
With me, when I his beaker did unbrim,
And swooned from ignorance, into such wisdom,
As books can never give, unless we've kissed 'em!

XXXII.

'Tis true on Beauty's minions I have dwelt,
Done battery with mine eyes on faces fair,
'Fore many an altar of the blind god knelt
A giddy worshipper, both here and there;
But this was in my nonage, ere I knew
Such to be only vain idolatry,
Before mine eyes were cleared by seeing you,
And knew an idol from a deity;
Now, as when he, who has bowed to a stone,
Perceives his error, and his thoughts uplifting,
Hath far more zeal than bath another one,
Has never gone in error's pathway drifting,
So I, reformed, adore my goddess more
Than could have been had I ne'er erred before.

EX BARBARIA

XXXIII.

Then count it not against my love's perfection
That I admit these errors: since t'was thus
I learned, by learning gilt upon perception,
To know that gold that current is 'twixt us:
'Twas but a school, thro' which I, scholar, passed,
The wiser growing at each step I took,
Until at last it all away I cast
As an out-date and now exceeded book.
Swimming in such small waters 'twas I learned
Some skill in greater when the need should be:
That now I dare love's ocean unconcerned,
As Venus ere she left her native sea:
Thine arms I dare, whene'er thine eyes shall beck—
I'll swim those billows, tho' my heart should wreck!

XXXIV.

Then, if I write not oft, not greet thee oft,
By the black eunuch of the surly post,
'Tis not forgetfulness, or that, aloft,
My thoughts in Heaven are, on Angels lost
Less fair than thou; but only for this reason,
I lack a messenger that I would trust;
Else would I greet thee in and out of season,
As e'en occasionally I do, and must.
Be satisfied in this: for, tho' I here
Admit that she has wisdom, she has beauty,
'Tis but an eye astray, or else an ear,
Forgets the while, perchance, his proper duty:
The heart, still constant, never beats amiss,
And only longs for what he calleth his.

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XXXV.

Lo! how complexion of the thing we love,
 Croweth more goodly as it taketh flight.
So distance, like a lesser death, doth prove
 How dear the object missing from our sight.
Schooled then be, love, that this by absence is
 But as a sort of cloak to dress me fairer,
Who were in fashion less, if I lacked this:
 That *further off* might well be *something nearer!*
Then, lovely lady, since thy dreams I star
 With beauty that did never to me 'long.
How fairer far me absent, there what wrong!—
 Yet 'gainst all tongues I am for this at war:
For tho' it be but lying, I'll believe it.
And what thou say'st as naught but truth receive it.

XXXVI.

Dreaming on chance to men and high estates,
 That erst did steer this world with majesty,
Like goodly ships impelled by gusty fates,
 Or heavenly clouds grown great with deity,
Lo! now confounded in dark night amiss,
 The soldier and the priest one sod entombing;
He hottest here, now coldest where he lies,
 He offered most, now subject to fate's dooming;
Reckoning how little must the time be yet,
 Till all who now on Life so bravely call
Will then have paid his surly groom the debt.
 Which they now make to Death submitting all:—
Alack! I see there is no other bond
Makes flesh to flesh save Shylock's and his pound.

EX BARBARIA

XXXVII.

Then, when I see in mortal flesh there lies
No tenure 'gainst the keenness of death's cold,
But all our flowery spring in winter dies,
And young To-day to-morrow has grown old:
And Pride and Pomp and poor-lived Policy
All flaunt and flutter but to deck a tomb,
And crowns and stars alike in ruin lie,
Each swallowed up in dumb oblivious gloom:—
(Inconstant as the rose, as lily frail,
The very sun that makes them to exhale!)—
Then, dreaming on such haps as men await,
What wonder, sweet, I then not care to live;
But that I know, sweet one, my fate's thy fate,
And in thy company what soul could grieve?

XXXVIII.

This like an angel in my soul doth chide,
Whene'er I think I'll now be onward gone:
When on the sunset coursers I would ride,
Or, chaired by Euros, to my star be blown;
In deep imaginations seeking out a shore,
Hungering for witness on the grave's black book,
Questioning the people that come without door,
Looking to sea from off this wind-swept rock:
Thus, thus, to voyage as a strain dies off,
Then, then, to wander as the eagle springs.
Still, still with night my useless clay to doff,
And sit crowned with her and her myriad kings!
Then, thinking on thy lips, mine own I chide,
And bid them tell thee straight how much I've lied.

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XXXIX.

These to behold doth graveward my thoughts send,
Aye, make me wish the world were at an end :
When I see sails of pitch made ragged by the winds,
 While barks unbottomed find a ready port ;
Good men lack bail and evil girt with friends,
 The Law still strumpet and still bawd the Court ;
And pride but livery that doth Error clothe,
 And purpose lacking and just order none ;
With Life still laborer unto Death, the moth,
 And all we think, or do, or dream, gone soon ;
And Fame fast mortal, and black night ensu'th
 To gandy Glory, to Youth Eld uncouth :
While clouds purvey the earth with gifts of gods,
 I curse Earth, offering men from her wombed clods.

XL.

But when I look on thee and see the pledge
 Of Nature unto Time, to express better
A livlier feature, now he can allege
 Thee as a precedent and present letter :
Then am I quite content to view a time
 When the whole age shall bear thy lineaments ;
Which I now render dateless by my rhyme,
 To be to ages yet such monuments ;
Then am I all content, and smile to think
 I have preceded Time so much in this,
That men shall say, when they shall view my ink,
 " This man lived early, but did little miss :
Look, if you wish a picture of the age
We deem so perfect, in this author's page ! "

EX BARBARIA

XLI.

When I look 'round upon my few sad books,
Sitting like kings in faded monuments,
With heavy visage and oblivious looks,
Threatening the world and its vain ornaments;
Like angry stars mischancing evil states.
Or oracles in chapel or in shade.
Discoursing feverously the gods by fits,
Worm-caten graves, whose spirits are not laid!
Then seem I but their sexton, or some ghost
Driven up from the dark world of wintry years.
To be their sentry, or from them to post
On missions sounding far space-sundered ears,
Or as from each to each his message bear,
Using the custom of great states that near.

XLII.

But, when I read that better book, thine eyes,
Bound up by hand of Him whose skill exceedeth,
I know that he who reads therein is wise,
And he all foolish in the other readeth.—
Where is the lustre life alone doth give?
Where is the merit lives alone with truth?
Here have we truths, and thereto have alive,
Not crooked there in age, but here in youth;
Then vow I never more mine hours to spend
'Twixt the deep covers of a musty tome,
But for my facts to seek my darling friend,
And find it all in a far smaller room:
That now my library I mean to be
Thine eyes, where light divine still lets me see.

SONNETS TO MATILDA

XLIII.

When in the changing fashions of changed times

My words shall barbarous be, and barbarous I
Should be forgotten and my antique rhymes,

Yet will thy beauty give them liberty
So soar still in the eyes of dazzled men;

Still will thy beauty fight off eager Death,
That I shall live still fresh by thee again;

Yes, every day receive new added breath:
Time's fickleness being grounded once in thee,

From all his wanderings he doth still return.
Still wondering at his then ability,

When in these lines he shall thy form discern:
That Death cannot eclipse us, do his worst,
We still shall famous be, as he accurst.

XLIV.

Nor in the difference of diffuséd tongues

Shall my love perish, tho' writ in but one:
By virtue of thy beauty such belongs

To all men's eyes, as doth the moon and sun;
That, while receipt of beauty is esteemed,

And while yet music waits upon that beauty,
In estimation shall we still be deemed

Worth both remembrance paid and humble duty.—
Then cease to fear the accidents of time:

We do divide him in these rugged lines;
And every smile of thine, of me each rhyme.

Will outlast monuments and men's designs:
The end of all things shall we view, then die,
When the last man shall o'er our leavings sigh.

EX BARBARIA

XLV.

Know, my Matilda, when the world forgets
Its more time-serving inksters, it is then
It will return to its more certain debts;
And then my star shall rise o'er lesser men;
Then, then, thy beauty will be chiefly sought,
Which will me also into favor bring;
When all their wreaths by frost of time are caught,
As they decline, mine will begin to spring.
Then be not over-cast by the time's cloud,
Nor think that darkness doth deny bright days
To come; so, tho' arrived not with the crowd,
Time's left us still to gather deathless bays:
Let us arrive a little later at the feast,
When the rude crowd is gone is ever best.

XLVI.

We draw thus usury at the hand of Fame;
While they, who presently take up all credit,
Too soon discover a too niggard aim,
And unto sorrow are full soon indebted:
Better be thought then in arrears with Honor,
Than Honor should imagine her undone;
The careless eye hath mostly ever won her,
And eagerness she ever wont to shun.
Content, then, sweetest, if the debt be due;
For never yet hath Honor bankrupt been,
She may be tardy but she's honest too;
And time will show, ere barren boughs be green,
(Tho', sooth, no prophet I, the truth to tell,)
Some gaudy names will then be—*fare them well!*

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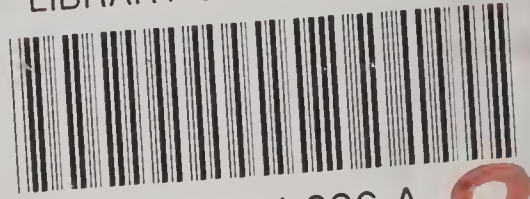
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